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DEAN C. WORCESTER ON THE PHILIPPINES

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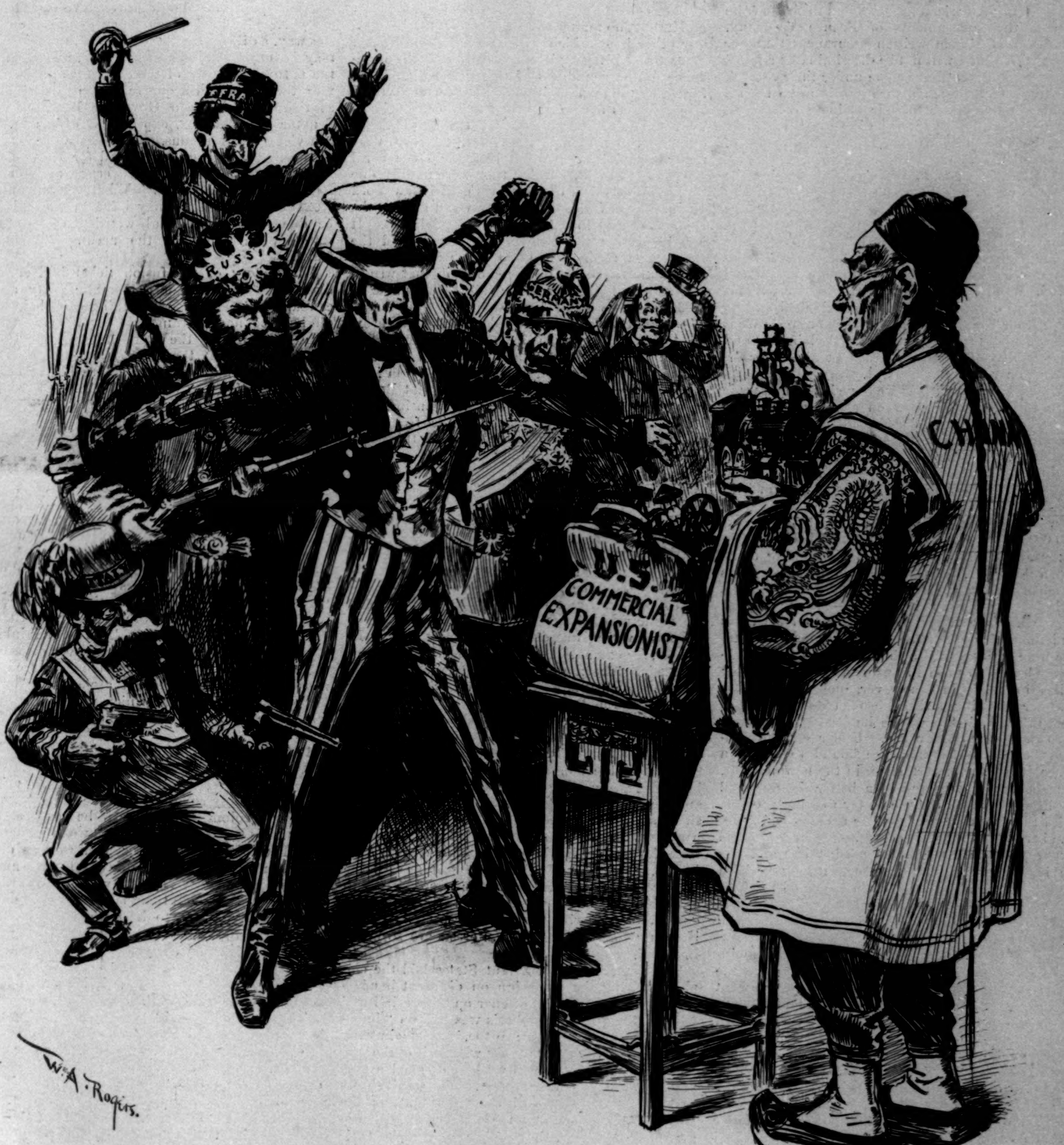
FRA
RUSSIA
GERMAN
U.S. COMMERCIAL EXPANSIONIST
CH
W. A. Rogers.

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR!
UNCLE SAM: "I'M OUT FOR COMMERCE, NOT CONQUEST!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899

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Our Interests in China

THE administration has taken a forward step of far-reaching importance in directing American ambassadors to obtain from the governments of France, Germany, and Russia written assurances that our trade with China will not be discriminated against in the regions that have come under their control. The request for such assurances is more than a public announcement of our Chinese policy. It is the first-fruit of our new position in the Pacific; it is the first and most inevitable consequence of the Spanish war.

Our treaty rights in the Celestial Empire, the interests we have built up on them and the duties they entail, are all perfectly clear. Under the "most favored nation" clause we enjoy all the commercial privileges granted by China to any of our competitors. No portion of Chinese territory can be handed over to a foreign power and fenced round with a hostile tariff barrier without infringing our treaty rights. A fair field and no favor from Tonkin to Manchuria is not only what we want, but what we have a legal claim to; and this equality of opportunity can be altered or destroyed only with our consent.

Under these conditions we have built up a trade with China—not large when compared with the overwhelming preponderance of Great Britain, but still greater than that of France or Russia or Germany. It is a trade, too, that has grown and is growing at phenomenal speed. In 1893 it was not worth more than $8.117.059, the bulk of it in cotton and woollen goods and kerosene; in 1897 it was valued at $17,978,065; now it is over the $20,000,000 mark, having all but trebled itself in six years. And this, of course, is nothing to its potential value. As yet foreign commerce has touched merely the fringe of China. One shaft only has been sunk in its interior—the exploitation of the Yangtse River; but, owing to local taxes and the opposition of the provincial mandarinate, the nine treaty ports on that avenue of trade have never been able to carry business more than a few miles inland. Now, however, one barrier after another is being swiftly broken down, and the vast interior of China, with its 350,000,000 people, thrown open to the world. Under equal conditions, our manufacturers are bound to secure a large, if not the largest, share in the new markets. Except Japan, we stand in a better geographical position than any other country to supply China with the goods she needs. The resources are here, the inventive skill and enterprise are here too, and every year finds the home market less and less sufficient to the Eastern artisan, as it long has been to the Western farmer. Given the equality of opportunity that is ours by treaty right, and an export trade to China of $50,000,000 is within reach of the next decade.

What, then, is our policy? Obviously to maintain the commercial *status quo*, to preserve the open door guaranteed by our treaties. We want neither empire nor spheres of influence. The Kingdom of the Son of Heaven may be partitioned over and over again without exciting our ambition to join in the scramble. Nor, on the other hand, have we any call or any desire to bolster up its independence. What we do insist upon is that, no matter what bargains may be made between the Tsung-li-yamên and foreign powers, no matter what portions of Chinese territory may be leased to Russia, France, or Germany, our right to trade in those districts on equal terms with the lessees thereof must be preserved.

So far, it is true, our treaties have been respected. Russia has declared Talien-wan, and Germany Kiao-chou, to be free ports, and France will probably follow their lead in Yunnan and Kwangsi. Nevertheless, the administration does well to press for written assurances. All three countries are rigid protectionists, both at home and in their colonies, and if they really allow free trade in their Chinese territories it will be an event in their histories unique beyond all expectation. The Chinese crisis is not nearly at an end, and unrelaxed watchfulness will be needed for many years to see that our interests do not suffer. Nor is the question of trade conditions in China one that concerns only the Pacific States. It is a national question, the greatest we have to deal with in foreign politics, and only when it is being fully threshed out in the next century will the enormous value of the Philippines be made clear.

The Elections

IT is evident from the recent elections that if BRYAN is the next Democratic candidate he will stand for the already defeated side of the currency question, and that he cannot possibly be regarded by the voters from any other point of view. This means, of course, the defeat of the Democratic party and the re-election of Mr. McKINLEY, no matter what the verdict might be on any other issue which will be emphasized by Mr. BRYAN and his party's stump-speakers. The evidence of the soundness of this proposition is afforded by the manner in which the farmers voted. The cities, as a rule, returned to their allegiance to the Democratic party, but the Republicans quite held their own in the country. There were many Republican losses, it is true, in the rural towns of Massachusetts, but they were mainly due to the falling off in the total vote. In New York again, and in Ohio, the country voted against the Democrats and in favor of the Republicans. It is evident that the Democrats did not hold the Republican farmers in Ohio who went off after BRYAN and silver in 1896—a going off that was in reality an illogical protest against the panic of 1893 and the year of depression that followed it. The same conclusion is forced upon us by an examination of the returns from South Dakota.

In a word, we think that the vote of the rural parts of New York, Ohio, and South Dakota indicates the soundness of our assertion that BRYAN cannot be elected so long as he continues to be regarded as the exponent of the free-coinage theory. The farmers are satisfied this year, where three years ago they were discontented. No preacher of discontent or prophet of disaster can win 6,500,000 of votes in rural America in a time of prosperity so great as that which is now making the country happy. The rural vote also shows that BRYAN'S anti-imperialism is not taken seriously into account by the farmers. This is especially clear from the vote in Iowa, where the Democrats made this the only issue, the result of both Bryanism and anti-imperialism being a large increase of the Republican vote. In the cities the voting was done on different lines. In Boston, for example, the gold Democrats voted for PAINE for Governor, on the stated ground that he represented anti-imperialism, and they turned back the city to the Democrats, changing many thousands of votes. In New York, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other cities this was noticeable. But notwithstanding this, the returns point unquestionably to the conclusion that if next year we have BRYAN on one side, endeavoring to advance anti-imperialism to the front, but really meaning silver and socialism, and McKINLEY, gold, and imperialism on the other side, BRYAN will not carry New York, and with New York he will lose New Jersey, which has afforded some evidence on the question in her legislative elections, and Connecticut, which may be counted upon to adhere to her custom of following New York, especially on an issue in which her material interests are so much involved.

The Democrats in different States laid the emphasis during the campaign on different issues—sometimes on silver, but oftener on "imperialism." In Ohio the greatest emphasis was laid on "imperialism"; so, too, in Iowa; so, too, in Massachusetts. It is fair to say that the utmost was made of the subject—certainly that it was used to as good a purpose as it can be used next year. The result shows that the country stands with the President. If the Democrats propose to try the anti-imperialist programme next year, they will simply make their defeat doubly certain. The President has the rare good fortune to have Congress and the country with him throughout his whole administration, and the satisfaction of knowing that the country so thoroughly endorses the administration's policy as regards expansion that, even when the subject was thrown into party politics and the most made of it, the verdict of the people was in favor of his policy.

Free silver was defeated in 1896; anti-imperialism, it is fair to say, was defeated in 1899. But the promise is of a campaign next year on these same lines. The candidates of both parties are already pre-determined; the platforms are already known; the issues have already been discussed. The anomalous situation confronts us of an approaching Presidential campaign in which nobody can take an exciting interest. The only danger, indeed, will be the apathy of the friends of sound money and of a proper colonial policy.

Some point has been made, or attempted, because Judge NASH, the Republican candidate in Ohio, is in a minority—that is, while he is elected by a large plurality over JOHN R. McLEAN, he has fewer votes than McLEAN and JONES combined. This really means nothing, and has no bearing whatever on the Presidential election. Next year, other things being equal, the Republican votes cast for JONES will be cast for McKINLEY, and the Democratic votes cast for him will go to BRYAN, and the State will be Republican. The whole country ought to congratulate Ohio on the defeat of JOHN R. McLEAN.

The Republicans should never have expected to carry Maryland. The currency question out of the way, as it was in the State election, the State may be expected to be Democratic, and when to the natural tendency of the State towards Democracy there is added a quarrel among the leaders, as there was between Governor LOWNDES and Senator WELLINGTON, expectation of a Republican victory was fatuous.

The people of Kentucky voted for TAYLOR, the Republican candidate for Governor, and for the Republican State ticket. Whatever advantage GOEBEL and his party may have in the end will be due to the successful working of GOEBEL'S statutory machine for the accomplishment of fraud.

The victory of the fusion ticket in Nebraska fixes BRYAN upon the Democratic party as its candidate of next year. Nothing can shake him off but the now unthinkable revolt against him of a majority of the Democrats who actually voted for him at the last Presidential election. The leaders and the machine are his, and with McLEAN'S defeat the hopes of the anti-BRYAN faction of the party are dashed to the earth.

The Philippine Report

THE preliminary report of the Philippine Commission is by far the most important contribution that has been made to our knowledge of the situation in the archipelago and towards a right understanding of our obligations and duties there. It was written after a thorough investigation by men who wished to find out the truth. It is authoritative and, for present purposes, final. To our thinking, it leaves no room for further controversy.

The conclusions of the commissioners are not a mere matter of opinion, but are supported by a large mass of evidence, which will be presented with their final report. The most important facts shown are these:

1. We made no alliance with AGUINALDO.
2. He deliberately provoked war with us.
3. His insurrection is not a struggle for independence in any such sense as the struggle of the American colonists was; for if he could succeed in war, his success would be followed by anarchy.
4. The inhabitants of Luzon, as well as of the other islands, are yet incapable of self-government, and our plain duty is to help them towards it. The only way to help them is at present to govern them, and gradually to lead them to an understanding of the fundamental principles of government, of which they are yet ignorant.
5. The beginnings of self-government under our guidance in the towns where it has already been inaugurated promise well.
6. The only honorable and possible thing to do is to hold the archipelago, and to develop both its people and its resources, which are valuable.

There can be no room for argument, it seems to us, about these fundamental propositions, which are all fortified by Mr. WORCESTER in this number of the WEEKLY. Mr. WORCESTER is the highest authority that we have on the condition of civilization, as well as on the natural history, of the archipelago—a scientific student both of the people, whose language he speaks and whom he has known for many years, and of the resources of the islands. He was once opposed to our permanent occupation, but he now regards it as our duty. The testimony of such a man is worth a worldful of sentimental and academic literature and mere political talk.

A Review of the Philippine Situation

BY DEAN C. WORCESTER

A FEW weeks since I was one day awaiting the train for Manila in the railway station of a Tagalog town, where I had been helping to organize a municipal government, and, to pass the time, was chatting with the officer in command of the local garrison. He was a fine old soldier whom I respect and admire. He had been watching the natives of the place closely, and I was impressed with the shrewd correctness of many of his observations; but when our conversation drifted to the political aspect of the work in hand, I was greatly surprised to hear him begin a description of the feelings and aspirations of the people which was utterly at variance with all that I had learned from their own lips during my sojourn among them. Under the circumstances, discussion seemed useless, and I at once dropped the subject. A few moments later I happened to remark,

"You speak Spanish, of course, Major?"

"No, not a word," was the prompt reply.

"Who have you had here for interpreter?"

"No one. The lack of an interpreter has been one of my greatest difficulties."

"Have you never talked with these people, then?"

"Never."

"But how did you learn that they were longing for national independence and ready to sacrifice their lives to win it?"

"Why—well—why—that is the way *I* should feel about it, *and I thought they must feel so too!*"

Now my good friend had undoubtedly made an honest effort to put himself in their place, but he had just as indubitably failed. To one fresh from the Philippines the readiness with which many of our best citizens credit statements in regard to conditions there, which really have no tangible support save the emphasis with which they are made and the high character of those who make them, comes with something of a shock. I can but feel that not a few of my countrymen are, like my good friend the Major, failing when they attempt to put themselves in the Filipinos' place, and sometimes drawing false conclusions even when their premises are sound. In many cases, moreover, their premises are not sound. It is of course difficult for those at a distance from the field of action to get at the whole truth, and it is in the hope of making some small addition to the general stock of reliable information on the Philippine question that I have undertaken to prepare this article, for I believe that the whole truth is what the American people want.

It will be readily admitted that two things are essential to the sane discussion of any important issue. The first is a knowledge of the essential facts; the second, an ability to interpret them correctly. In the present instance differences of race, temperament, and training between ourselves and the Filipinos often make the correct interpretation of undoubted facts a difficult matter for many of us.

My views as to the present desires and aspirations of the Philippine peoples are based on almost daily conversations with them, extending over a period of six months. I trust I may be pardoned for prefacing what I have to say by the statement that, with such knowledge as I have been able to gain of their character during more than four years of intimate personal association with them, I sincerely like them, and have great faith in their future. No one could more earnestly desire their happiness and well-being.

I wish first to present a brief summary of certain well-ascertained facts. From 1872 to 1896 peace reigned in the Philippine Islands. In the latter year a revolution broke out, which soon reached greater importance than had ever been attained by any other of the numerous revolts provoked by Spanish misrule. This revolution was in no sense an effort to secure national independence, but was an effort to force from Spain certain specific reforms. It terminated when some of these reforms had been promised, and when the Spanish governor-general, Primo de Rivera, had agreed to make over to the insurgent leaders the sum of $1,200,000. Two hundred thousand dollars of this amount was subsequently paid to Aguinaldo and his immediate followers at Hong-kong, where they had gone according to agreement. Primo de Rivera claims that an additional $200,000 was given to Pedro Paterno, with which to satisfy the leaders who remained in Luzon. Paterno maintains that this sum was duly distributed, but the leaders in question insist that they never received a penny of it, and, as one of our Filipino witnesses naïvely remarked, "It has never been definitely ascertained who forgot that he had this sum in his pocket."

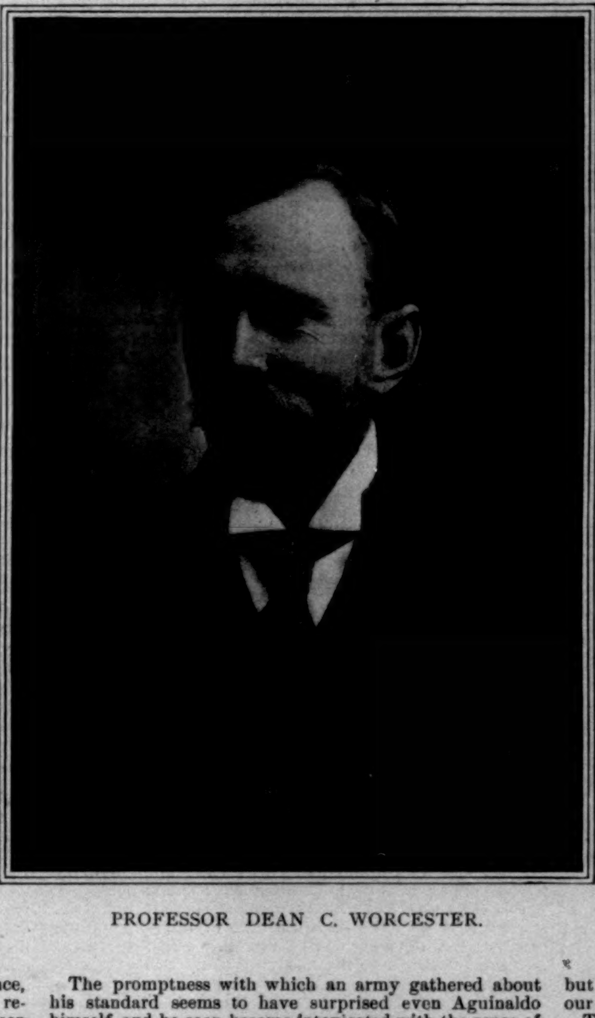
Certain it is that the revolution was effectively terminated. The common people, disgusted by the means that had been employed to bring about this result, and bitterly disappointed by the failure of the Spanish government to fulfil the promises of its representative, again attempted to arise and avenge their wrongs, but they lacked competent leaders, as well as arms and ammunition, and the movement never attained great importance. In the face of it, Spain disbanded her native militia and began to send home her regular troops.

We have the word of Admiral Dewey that on his arrival at Manila "it was found that there was no insurrection to speak of," and this statement is fully confirmed by other evidence. Let it be clearly borne in mind, then, that the revolution of '96 was not an attempt to gain independence, and that it was practically at an end before our forces arrived.

It has often been stated that Admiral Dewey or Consul Pratt promised the Filipinos independence. The Admiral's recently published statement that he never made such a promise will be accepted as final, and he informs me that Consul Pratt is ready to take oath that he also is guiltless in the matter. Certain it is that the action which the latter gentleman brought against John Foreman for making this and other injurious statements in his book on the Philippine Islands resulted successfully. An embargo was placed on the sale of the book in the Far East, and it was only removed when the objectionable page had been cut out of every volume and an apology inserted. We are probably safe in assuming that had there been satisfactory evidence of the truth of his assertions, Mr. Foreman would have brought it forward.

Much has been said, and written also, as to *implied* promises. It is urged that when Aguinaldo proclaimed to the world his expectation that independence would be granted to his people, he was not promptly informed of the fact that he was mistaken by the nearest American officials. It does not appear that any of our officials had authority to settle this matter, and, under the circumstances, it is hardly to be wondered at that they did not avail themselves of the first opportunity to attempt to do so.

We must admit that Aguinaldo was encouraged to come to Manila, in the hope that he would raise a force to co-operate with ours, and that he did speedily raise an army, which was indirectly equipped to some extent by ourselves. He did not, however, for any length of time, continue to co-operate with our forces, in the proper sense of that word, but organized an independent campaign against the Spanish, and resented our taking any hand in it.



PROFESSOR DEAN C. WORCESTER.

The promptness with which an army gathered about his standard seems to have surprised even Aguinaldo himself, and he soon became intoxicated with the sense of his power. In an unhappy moment for himself and for his people, he conceived the idea of an independent government under his own dictatorship, and from that day to this he has followed a consistent policy with that sole end in view, regardless alike of the interests and the wishes of the people of the Philippines. His personal ambition has thus far been an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties which have since arisen.

There is positive and conclusive proof of the fact that at the very time he was proclaiming independence to his people, and assuring them that the Americans would aid them in securing it, he admitted to members of his cabinet that no American had ever made him any such promise. Long before Manila fell he was on the point of attacking our forces, and after they landed at Parañaque he passively interfered with them by every means within his power, until warned to desist. Early in August he sent messengers to Tagalog garrisons in various other islands, with instructions to resist our troops should they attempt to land. It is believed that insurgent soldiers killed and wounded our soldiers during the assault on Manila, and after the white flag had been raised on the battlements of the city they certainly fired on the Spanish troops who were standing exposed on the walls, provoking a return fire, which killed one of our men and wounded three. They were determined to force their way into the city, and it was necessary to drive them back at the point of the bayonet. Their officers had promised them the loot of Manila, and our preventing them from getting it was a grievance which they neither forgot nor forgave. So general was the belief among the natives that there would be opportunity to pillage the city that streams of them hurried toward Manila from the towns and villages around the bay throughout the entire day on the 13th of August. Men, women, and children came carrying sacks, which they expected to fill with the property of others.

It is hardly to be wondered at that, after Aguinaldo had demanded the governor-general's palace, the churches, a large share of the public funds, and the arms and ammunition surrendered by the Spaniards, General Merritt should have been "busy" when he sent a delegation to set forth his further desires.

The policy pursued by him and his immediate advisers, from this time on, led inevitably to an outbreak. One of its highly significant features was the establishment of the so-called "social clubs" suggested by Sandico, who exercised a general supervision over them, and provided lectures for the "social advancement" of their members. The lecturers were instructed to spare no effort in stirring up ill feeling towards the Americans. From the insurgent point of view this scheme was most successful, and later on the clubs which had been established in the city of Manila formed nuclei for the recruiting of militia companies which were to take part in the execution of a carefully planned plot for gaining possession of the city and killing all the whites.

When the commission sailed for the Philippines, I entertained a good deal of hope that war might be avoided if we could arrive in time, but in the light of the facts above enumerated I have no hesitation in expressing the belief that from the time Aguinaldo fell under the influence of Mabini and Sandico at Bacoor he planned to attain his ambitious ends at all hazards, using force if necessary. This being the case, our only alternatives were to fight or to withdraw.

The self-control displayed by our officers and men during the trying period which preceded the outbreak of hostilities was beyond praise. It is a satisfaction to know that, only six days before fighting began, a final and earnest effort was made by some of our ablest officers, at the direction of General Otis, to arrive at an understanding with the Filipinos and keep the peace. Written assurance was given them that the American forces would not attack them.

I do not consider it necessary to enumerate in detail the events which led up to the conflict of February 4 and 5. There is abundant proof that a general attack upon our lines, from without and within, had been carefully planned, and that signals had been agreed upon. While the day had not been set, Aguinaldo had warned his friends to leave the city, and every one knew that the critical moment was at hand. The insurgents thought us more cowardly than Chinese, and openly boasted that they would drive us into the sea within three hours. The time had passed when Aguinaldo could have held them in check, had he desired to do so. It needed but a spark to produce an explosion, and the incident which finally brought on the conflict was only one of many which might easily have led to the same result. Whether or not the insurgents had intended to fight us on the night of February 4, they were quick to take advantage of the opportunity offered, and promptly showed the prearranged signals for a general attack, which, as all the world knows, was promptly made and vigorously repelled.

On the following day they made unexpected discoveries as to the valor of the American soldier, and it was only when their scattered forces were fleeing in all directions, throwing away arms and ammunition in their haste to escape, that Aguinaldo decided that the attack of the night before had been a "mistake."

General Otis has been criticised for not acceding to the request then made for a suspension of hostilities and the establishment of a neutral zone. It would have been inexcusable for him to do so before his forces had gained positions enabling them to protect the city and its water-supply. After these positions had been occupied abundant opportunity was given the insurgents to suspend hostilities, had they desired to do so, but they promptly invested and continuously harassed our lines.

The facts above enumerated rest on the testimony of Filipinos who were themselves concerned in the events in question, and I trust they will be held sufficient to free us from the charge of having wantonly attacked our "faithful allies."

Too much importance is sometimes given to the assistance which we derived from the independent operations of the insurgents against the Spanish forces. It should not be forgotten that Admiral Dewey could have forced the surrender of Manila at any time after the close of the memorable battle of May 1, and troops were needed only to hold it and to prevent looting and disorder. The fighting of August 13 was perfunctory, its object being to save Spanish honor, an agreement having been reached that after a brief bombardment of Fort San Antonio Abad and the neighboring trenches by the fleet, a white flag should be raised at a certain point on the walls. This agreement was carried out. The bombardment occurred, the white flag was shown, and our troops marched in.

Much has been written in praise of Aguinaldo's government. It can hardly be maintained that a central government, headed by a self-appointed dictator, aided by a congress the members of which had, for the most part, been named by himself, constituted an ideal republic, especially as the dictator could, and did, remove those who displeased him. Beyond question, the Malolos congress at this time had many men of ability among its members, while Aguinaldo's cabinet was very strong. He seemed to have a faculty for surrounding himself by excellent official advisers, but unfortunately he seldom acted upon their advice. When Tavera secured the passage of a resolution urging the President of the United States not to abandon the islands, but to establish a protectorate over them, Aguinaldo personally interfered with the sending of the message. At this time prominent Filipinos, both at Malolos and in Paris, were insisting that we must not abandon the islands, and it can hardly be honestly claimed that we declared war on their inhabitants by conclud-

FELIX CUENCA, NEWLY ELECTED "CAPTAIN MUNICIPAL" OF BACOOR, WITH HIS FAMILY AND ONE SERVANT.

ing a treaty which gave us sovereignty over the archipelago.

Although relatively an able body, the Malolos congress was not truly representative. It was composed almost exclusively of Tagalogs. This tribe includes about a sixth of the population of the islands. The Visayans are more numerous, and the Moros are far more warlike. The Tagalogs are generally disliked by the other natives. Long before the fall of Manila, Aguinaldo had despatched armed bands to "persuade" the people of other tribes to acknowledge his authority, even if they did not support it. In some provinces willing obedience had been secured; in others, unwilling submission had been forced; and in others yet, there had been active and successful resistance. Many tribes had not been reached at all.

There are to-day numerous provinces where no American soldier has ever set foot. Their people have enjoyed a full measure of independence for more than a year. What has been the result? Naturally a better state of affairs has existed in the Tagalog territory than in those provinces where the Tagalogs were imposing their rule on more or less unwilling subjects, but I will choose my first illustrations from occurrences within the former area. When I left Manila the province of Batangas was overrun with robbers and cutthroats. No attempt was being made to bring criminals to justice. The schools were abandoned. The people had been forced to furnish large "war contributions," and many of them were ruined. Some who were unwilling to contribute had been buried alive; others had had their hands hacked off. In several of the larger cities the individual houses were intrenched, so that their owners might defend themselves against their neighbors. The military governor of the province, a Tagalog and an insurgent, but an honest man withal, had characterized the condition that existed as "complete anarchy," and had repeatedly sent word to Manila that he was ready to surrender and help us in the restoration of order if we would only send a small force there. In Cavite Province insurgent troops had robbed the inhabitants of Parañaque, Laspiñas, and Bacoor before retreating, and had left them literally starving, so that it was necessary for us to provide them with food. At Bacoor insurgent soldiers had fired into houses filled with defenceless women, and had then broken in and robbed them, searching their persons for concealed jewelry. The unarmed natives throughout the province called their troops by the name ordinarily applied to the mythical being popularly believed to breed the cholera. General Noriel was refusing to obey the orders of his superior, General Trias, and had set up a regular seraglio. Many of his soldiers were following his example, both in disobedience and licentiousness. The natives of Bulacan were begging for fire-arms to defend themselves against robbers. The Bicols, of southern Luzon, had attacked the Tagalogs at several points, and were asking for help from us.

In some of the other islands conditions were even worse. Early in the revolt Tomas Aguinaldo, a cousin of Emílio Aguinaldo, and an insurgent official, had gone to the west coast of Mindoro, and had there organized a genuine piratical expedition. He had then coolly plundered the inhabitants of the Calamianes Islands, Masbate, Sibuyan, and Romblon, and had returned to Mindoro with his booty.

The Tagalog General Lucban had extorted a "war contribution" of $200,000 from the peaceable Visayans of Samar and Leyte, and had put it into his pocket. The insurgents and the Moros had been fighting each other at Zamboanga in Mindanao. The Visayans of North Panay, who a few months before had been ready to die for independence, had sent word that they would welcome the Americans, the Russians, the Turks, the Chinese, or *any one* who would rid them of the Tagalogs.

I could add illustrations indefinitely, but, to briefly sum up the case, the insurgent government, even within Tagalog territory, had failed to administer justice, protect life and property, provide for public education and just taxation, or to satisfactorily perform any of the legitimate functions of government.

Let us consider for a moment, by way of contrast, the state of affairs in Negros. Here the Visayans had prevented the landing of Tagalog forces, had organized a government of their own, had raised the American flag, and had voluntarily placed their interests in our hands. We in turn had given them the fullest opportunity to show what they could do, and had furnished troops to protect them from the half-wild Babaylanes in the interior, whom they could not have held in check. General Smith, the officer in command of the troops stationed in the island, had been ever ready with friendly and helpful advice. Public order had, on the whole, been much better than in the Tagalog provinces, but the necessity of outside intervention was in the end plainly demonstrated. Some of the native officials were accused by their fellows of dishonesty, while others abused their power. The people became dissatisfied, and the governor deemed it advisable to leave the island.

Meanwhile the utmost good feeling prevailed between the Americans and natives. The better element among the latter came to realize that there must be a larger amount of American intervention in their affairs. Indeed, some of them had desired it from the beginning. The whole plan of government was finally reorganized so as to put an American in full control. This new scheme has recently been put into operation, and under it the people of the island are enjoying a degree of peace and prosperity unknown there for many a year. If the results obtained in Negros are compared with those achieved by the Tagalogs in the provinces where they have held undisputed sway, it cannot be denied that our friendly assistance has been a real boon to the people of that island. And who doubts that, had the Tagalogs themselves kept faith with us, they would have been dealt with in the same friendly spirit and with the same happy results? As it is, the attempts of their leaders at establishing a government have fully demonstrated their unfitness to bear the burdens which they are so ready to assume.

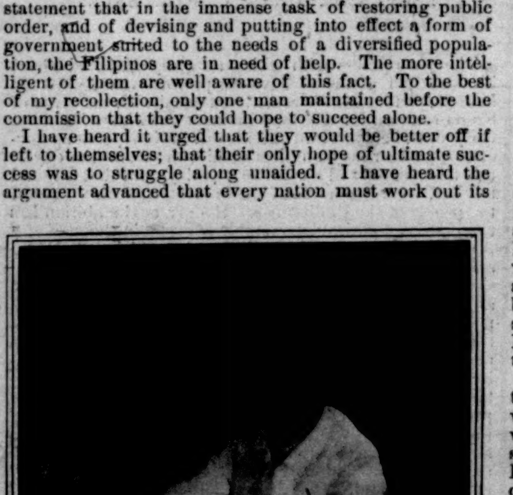
Some further light may be shed on the question of the present fitness of the Filipinos for complete independence by our experiences in the organization of municipal governments in the captured towns. Such voting as their inhabitants had done in the past had been confined to a few of the "head men," who had usually been instructed in advance how they must vote. As a result, not a few of the common people absolutely refused to exercise the right of suffrage. Others were persuaded to do so with difficulty, but anxiously sought instruction as to whom they were expected to vote for.

The newly elected officials were at first quite helpless, coming to Manila for directions as to the smallest details, and so monopolizing the time of Señor Calderon, the Filipino lawyer, that he was unable to attend to his professional duties. He appealed to General Lawton and myself. Gradually this burden was shifted to the ranking military officers in the various districts.

Almost without exception the newly elected officials were loyal to us, although they risked their lives by accepting office. They were anxious to perform their duties, and their shortcomings were usually due to ignorance and inexperience. Perhaps the most efficient "local president" was Felix Cuenca, of Bacoor. He soon got his town into good shape, organized an efficient police force, and started public schools. In general, I think it is safe to conclude that the Filipinos can be trusted to conduct the affairs of their municipalities, with a little preliminary training and a good deal of subsequent supervision.

The facts above cited may perhaps serve to point the statement that in the immense task of restoring public order, and of devising and putting into effect a form of government suited to the needs of a diversified population, the Filipinos are in need of help. The more intelligent of them are well aware of this fact. To the best of my recollection, only one man maintained before the commission that they could hope to succeed alone.

I have heard it urged that they would be better off if left to themselves; that their only hope of ultimate success was to struggle along unaided. I have heard the argument advanced that every nation must work out its own salvation. But until some Malayan people shall have attained to national independence under a republican form of government, who can say how this end may best be reached? It is certain that the only way to learn to swim is to get into the water and try, yet the man who dropped a year-old child into a swift and deep stream, and stood calmly by and watched its struggles, would not escape criminal proceedings even if he could show that he had been prepared to prevent any evilly disposed person from holding its head under water. Were we to throw upon the Filipino tribes to-day responsibilities which they have demonstrated themselves to be unable to bear, and then leave them to get on as best they could, merely protecting them against outside interference, we should do them a left-handed kindness.



SEÑOR CAYETANO ARELLANO,
President of the Supreme Court.

The conflict in which we are engaged is not directed against their liberties, but against the ambitious, the lawless, and the misguided men who would lead them on to certain destruction. In liberating the Filipino peoples from the domination of the Tagalog leaders, we are just as surely promoting the cause of humanity as we were when we aided the Cubans to throw off the yoke of Spain.

If left to themselves, I know that a large majority of the common people would gladly welcome our assistance. How any intelligent and honest man can maintain that "we have not a true friend left among the islanders, unless it be some speculators and the Sultan of Sulu," or that "we have managed to turn virtually the whole population, who at first greeted us with childlike trust, into deadly enemies," I cannot see. Is Cayetano Arellano, the President of the Supreme Court, a speculator? Why should this man, who is universally conceded to be intellectually the greatest living Filipino, have fallen from grace in his old age, after keeping his hands clean under the Spanish administration and earning the respect of foreigners, natives, and Spaniards alike? And how is it that he still retains his hold on the people? If any living man knows the Filipinos, he does. What, then, does he say of their fitness for self-government? "Were an independent native government to be established in the Philippines, I would be the first to flee."

Is Benito Legarda a speculator? From the beginning he has been a true friend to us, and has rendered both ourselves and his countrymen services of the utmost value. He has sacrificed much for us, and can hardly hope to receive adequate return. He has held a cabinet position under Aguinaldo, and was vice-president of the Malolos congress. He expressed his views as to the fitness of the Filipinos to establish an independent government by the one word, "Impossible."

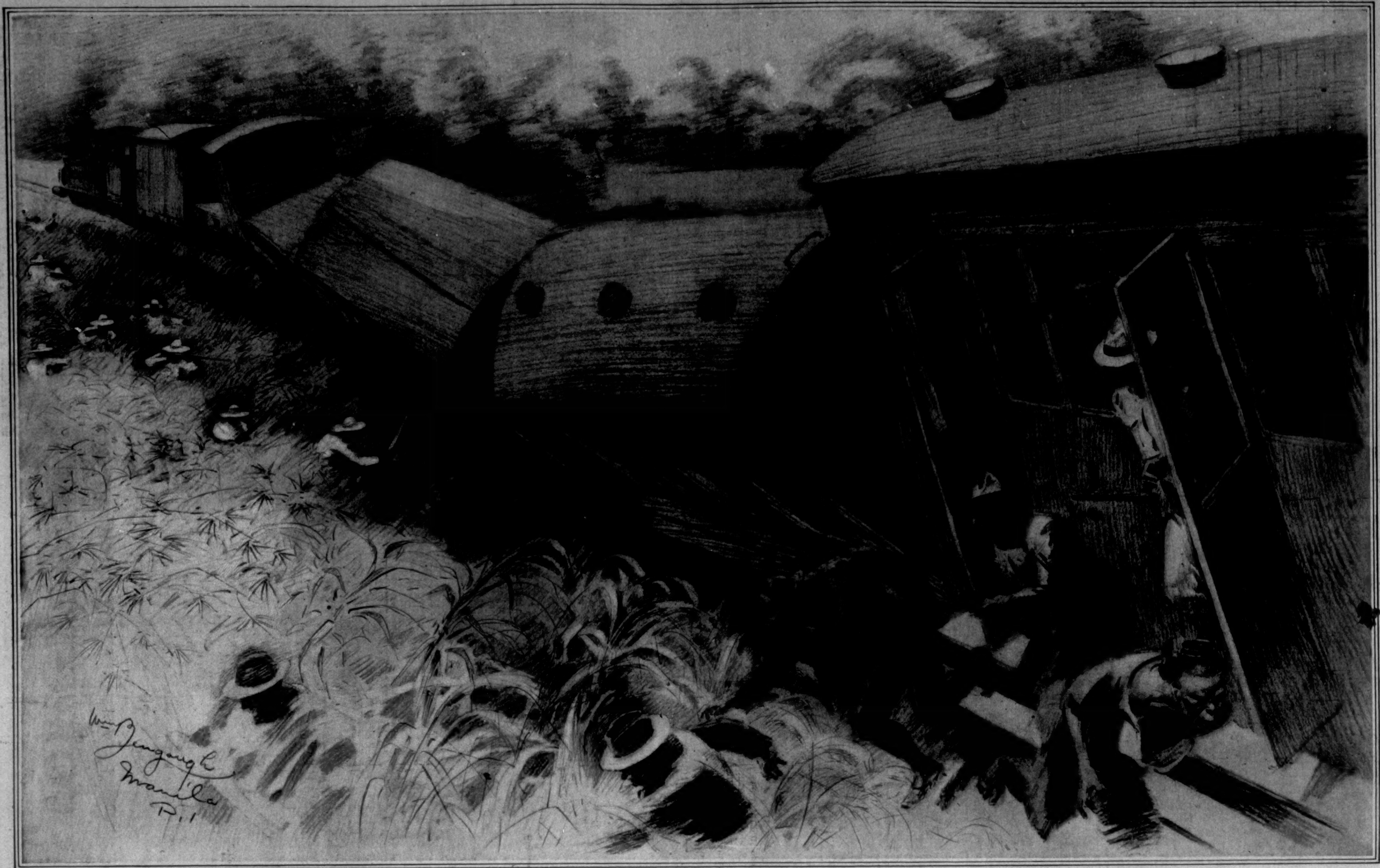
Is Pardo de Tavera a speculator? Verily, then, it has been a losing game for him. How is he to regain his lost medical practice? What will compensate him for the social ostracism he has suffered and for the threats against his life? No, he is not a speculator. He has shown himself a true patriot by exerting his powerful influence to control and direct the wild impulses aroused by Aguinaldo and his followers, and to turn public sentiment into right channels. What is his opinion on the vital question? He says: "My people must choose between national independence and personal liberty, for only under American control is personal liberty attainable for them." We have many another honest and able American friend among the leading man of the archipelago.

The simple fact is that the tide has turned, let him deny it who will. The venomous campaign of persistent and malignant misrepresentation, inaugurated by the Spaniards and kept up by many of the insurgent leaders, has failed of its object. The humanity we have shown in the treatment of captured spies and prisoners of war, in nursing the insurgent wounded, feeding their hungry, and protecting the wives and children of those who are fighting against us, has begun to tell. The granting of a few reforms has exerted a powerful influence on public opinion. The administration of rough and ready justice has had a most wholesome effect. There exists to-day a strong and constantly growing party which would look upon our withdrawal as a dire calamity.

But it is urged that we have no moral right to be in the Philippines at all; that we bought of Spain a sovereignty which she no longer possessed; that the Spanish power was driven out or destroyed by the Filipino insurrection, only a few helpless and isolated garrisons remaining. Did the Filipinos by their unaided efforts really accomplish all this? What was the moral effect of Dewey's victory, and what its practical results? How did Aguinaldo and his companions get back to the Philippines? Had the vessels which Dewey sent to the bottom, and the fleet of fourteen gunboats which still remained in the southern islands, been cruising through the archipelago, would the Filipino leaders have attempted to return from Hongkong? Had they succeeded in doing so, and in raising an army, how would they have obtained arms and ammunition? With the Spanish fleet afloat, could they have sent expeditions against the garrisons in other islands? During the revolution of '96 did the insurgent forces invest Manila? Does any sane man believe that Aguinaldo's army could have done it in '98, had it not been for our blockading squadron? Would the insurgents have had such an easy time with the garrisons in the interior of Luzon had the thousands of soldiers held in Manila by the presence of our fleet been free to go to their rescue?

It was the existence of the Spanish-American war, with the resultant drafting of Spanish troops to Cuba, together with the presence of the American land and sea forces, which made Aguinaldo's successes at all possible, and our share in driving out or destroying Spanish power in the Philippine Archipelago was infinitely greater than his. It cannot, therefore, be logically maintained that the Tagalogs have an undivided claim to any of the islands by right of conquest.

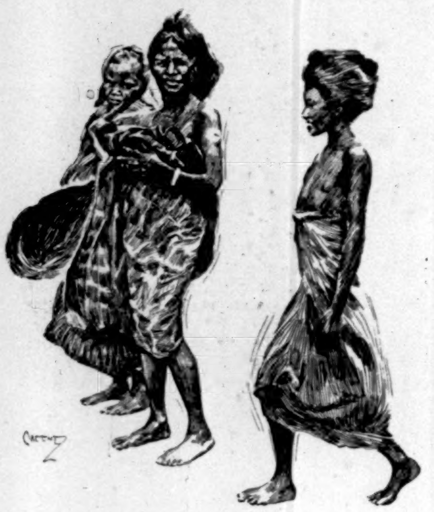
The way lies open before us and our course is plain. There must be force for the lawless, reason for the misguided, protection for those who have put their trust in us, and justice for all. To withdraw our troops would mean certain death to many Filipinos who have been our faithful allies, and whom we have undertaken to defend. The country would be laid waste by internal strife, and anarchy would inevitably result. Foreigners would not be safe there. The belief that the islands are commercially worthless is apparently not shared by the European powers, and their intervention would inevitably follow. To which of them should we care to intrust the task from which we had ourselves withdrawn? Having put our hand to the plough, shall we look back?


Wm Bengough
Manila
P.I.

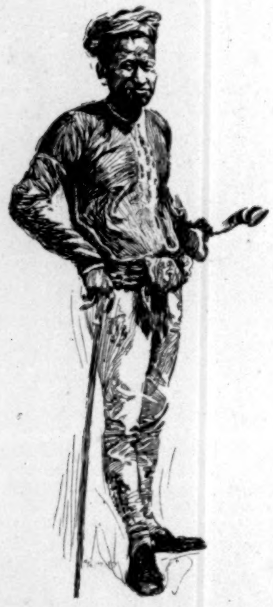
THE PHILIPPINES—THIRTY INSURGENTS WRECK A TRAIN NEAR ANGELES, AND ARE DRIVEN OFF BY FOUR OF LOWE'S SCOUTS.

Drawn by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

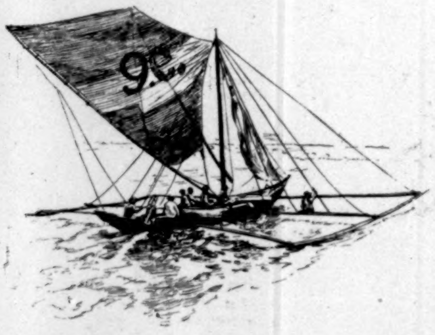
JOLO & THE MOROS



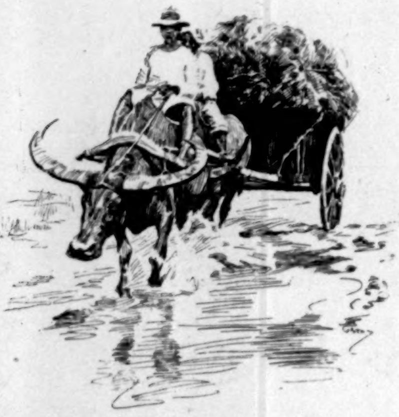
MORO CHILDREN OF CALDERA BAY, ZAMBOANGA.



THE DATO IMU THISEN—ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL FEUDAL CHIEFS.



TYPICAL OUTRIGGER BOAT—PANAY.



ON MANILA-MACATI ROAD IN AUGUST.

Manila, *August 26, 1899.*

IT has a very nasty sound—and one likely to arouse all very good people to a pitch of frenzied indignation—to say that within the territory now owned by the United States, in spite of the Thirteenth Amendment and the war of the rebellion, slavery still exists. And yet slavery in the Sulus is by no means the dreadful thing that the word suggests. There are many free American citizens who have less liberty of action and opportunity to do what they please than the Sulu slave. The social system among the Moros is much more primitive than it is among the greater part of the other Philippine races. A chief, or Dato, controls a district; he has his own particular followers and his slaves; besides these, he may command all the men of his own district in time of war. He also has the right of life and death over his subjects. For instance, a few weeks before we arrived in Jolo, Dato Jokanine had occasion to execute one of his followers. The man had been intrusted with money belonging to the Dato. The first time he came to his chief and said,

"Oh, great and benevolent Dato, I have gambled away thy money; forgive me!"

"Very well," said the Dato; "see that it does not happen again."

Once more the retainer came, saying,

"Oh, great and benevolent Dato, again have I gambled away thy money, and again I beg thee, in thy great mercy, to forgive me."

"This is the second time I have forgiven thee," said Jokanine, "but the third time, I warn thee, thou shalt die."

Yet again the unfortunate man returned without the money he had collected for the Dato.

"Oh, Dato," he cried, throwing himself at the feet of his chief, "I have sinned again and taken thy money; mercy! mercy!"

"Cut him down," said the Dato to one of his men-at-arms. The man offered no resistance, and was cut to pieces with one of the great knives of the natives.

Another story which shows well the authority held by a Dato over his people is worth the telling. It seems that a blacksmith had been making love, in a quiet way, to a member of the harem of Dato Jokanine. Jokanine knew of this, and came to the man's smithy one day. The smith was just finishing off a large barong.

"Let me see that knife," said Jokanine. Then, running his finger along the edge, he added, "It seems sharp; may I try it?"

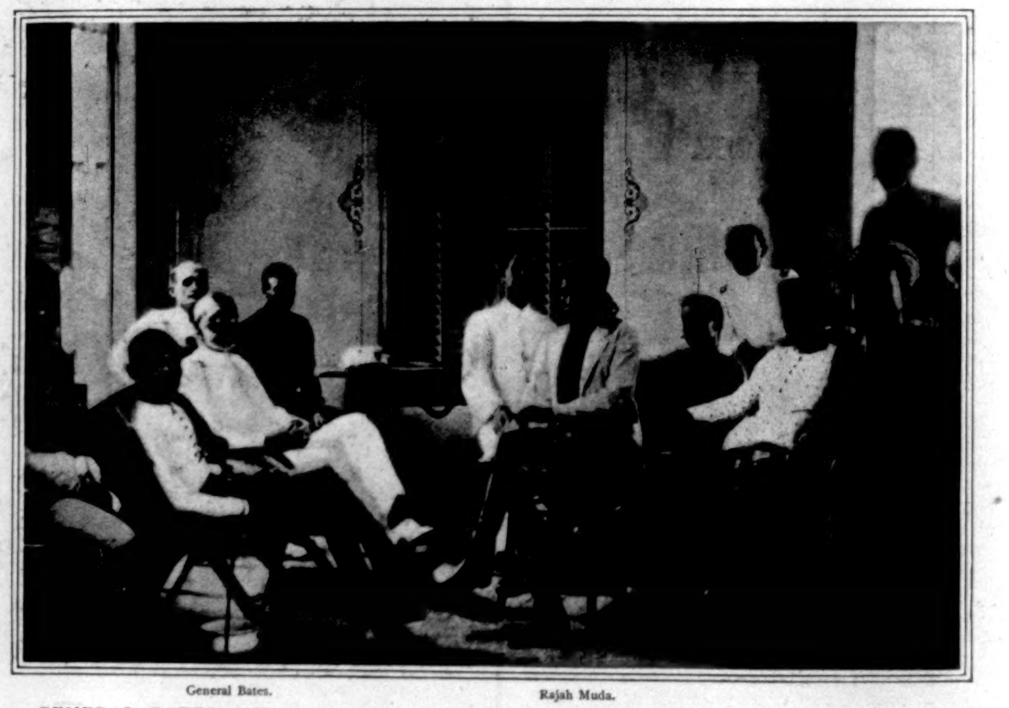
"Certainly, Dato," said the unsuspecting smith. Without a second's hesitation, Jokanine raised the knife and split the smith to the chin. The right a master has to kill his slave is therefore no stronger right than that exercised by all the Datos and the Sultan over the life of every man in Sulu.

Such well-authenticated stories as these show how lightly these people prize life. Indeed, if one freeman kills another, the murderer is brought before one of the Datos and fined $108 Mexican, or $54 gold. There is, however, no fine for killing a slave. Slavery among the Sulus does not originate in difference of race or color; neither has it its origin in war. The slaves are of the same race as their masters, and are for the most part acquired in payment of past debts. Thus, if a man owes you a large sum of money, he may sell himself or his children to you, and thus cancel the debt. Girls are sold for hard cash, I believe, but it is not a common occurrence, nor one which takes place against the will of the girl. If a slave runs away from his master and returns to his original home, declaring that he positively refuses to serve the master any longer, the custom is for the family to get together and pay the original debt, thus releasing the slave. Of course the slave is bound to work, but, as a rule, he only works when his master works, and as that is a matter of very infrequent occurrence, slavery in the Sulus cannot be called an arduous occupation. The slave eats and sleeps in the same house as his master; he is treated more like a retainer than as a slave. The children of Sulu slaves are also slaves, but they have especial privileges, and are considered family retainers. It is considered a disgrace to sell one of these slaves. In fact, it is merely because we have no more accurate word to describe the condition that I use the word "slavery." The status is really one between the serfdom of the Middle Ages and the peonage of Mexico. I remember seeing a very beautiful girl in the house of Dato Jokanine. The girl was born a slave, and has grown up as a member of the family; she was really very beautiful, as few Sulu women are—at least after they pass the age of sixteen (at thirty they are all hags). I asked the value of the girl, and was told no money would buy her; she was really a member of the family, and was treated so. Such cases, I am told, are the rule.

The system of employing Chinese labor throughout the East is one much more iniquitous than Sulu slavery. All contracts for importation of Chinese labor to fill various places in the East are made for three years. The man who hires this labor has to pay the expenses of the laborer from China. He also has to clothe his workmen when they arrive. For this expenditure he has a lien on the workmen for three years. That is to say, for three years the Chinamen are forced by law to work for him. If they fail to work on particular days he fines them. In this way a skilful man can keep his Chinese laborers in his debt for three years; during that time they are practically his slaves. He can hire them out if he pleases, but of course he has not the right to kill them.

The Sultan occupies a position among the Datos very similar to that held by a king in the days when feudal barons were at their strongest. While the Datos recognize the sovereignty of the Sultan, they are always at loggerheads with him, and it is doubtful who, in case of a quarrel, would come out ahead. Dato Jokanine has already fought the Sultan twice, and each time has defeated him; but the religious feeling which recognizes the Sultan as head of Islam in the Sulus prevented Jokanine from destroying him. Of late the Sultan has imported more rifles and a large store of ammunition, evidently preparing to maintain his sovereignty. As I write, word comes that General Bates has returned, after having obtained from the Sultan all the concessions desired by the United States. There can be little doubt that the Sultan was forced to make all of these concessions, in a great measure, by the failure of his Datos—especially Jokanine and Kalbi—to support him in his previous demands. We may expect before long, therefore, that the Sultan will take measures to punish the two most powerful of all the Datos. If the United States does not interfere, the fight will be an interesting one.

The Sulu Archipelago seems to have become the dumping-ground for the Oriental world. Here you find renegade Arabs; native Indian soldiers, for whom India has become too hot; even the Sudan, bad as it is, occasionally has a man so bad that he drifts to Sulu. Like a western mining-camp of old, Sulu is full of adventure. A native is quick to draw his knife, just as an American desperado was to draw his revolver. The knives in their hands are very deadly weapons at close quarters, especially the barong, whose weight—in some cases five pounds—combined with its excellent balance, makes it especially effective. I saw a man who had received fourteen wounds in a five minutes' fight. Three of these wounds penetrated to the brain, and yet the doctor said the man would recover. With fire-arms—as is usually the case among Orientals—the Sulus are not skilled. Dato Jokanine



General Bates. Rajah Muda.

GENERAL BATES AND RAJAH MUDA, THE SULTAN'S BROTHER, CONFERRING OVER THE TREATY.

by John F. Bass

himself—supposed to be the most redoubted warrior of Sulu—had a quarrel with a hadji (one of those fortunates who have been to Mecca). They decided to settle the matter with rifles. The duel came off in an open field. After exchanging thirty-five shots, each man dodging about as he pleased, the hadji retreated, acknowledging himself beaten. But not a single bullet took effect.

Notwithstanding the somewhat heterogeneous mixture of population in Sulu and their very primitive condition, the Moros have a manliness and independence of character not found among the Indians in the rest of the Philippines. When Dato Jokanine first called on General Bates, the latter expressed the hope that every difficulty might be settled in a peaceable manner.

"If you wish that once, I wish it a thousand times," answered the Dato. "However," he added, "if the time ever comes when we cannot agree and settle things by reason, man to man, then let us fight it out."

"Tell him," retorted the general, "that when we fight, we fight to win."

Dato Jokanine is really, at bottom, our best friend in the Sulus; he has seen our soldiers in Jolo, he has seen our great guns on the *Charleston*, he has felt the throb of the arteries in the finger-tips of the great republic, and, like a wise though an untutored savage, he recognizes the futility of ever trying to fight with the United States. Other chiefs have been aboard the *Charleston;* big guns were fired for their benefit; one chief was allowed to pull the trigger of a Colt's automatic; they took electric shocks with delight; they wondered how you could touch a button and kindle a light at the mast-head; they stared at the mysterious box that produced wind. In no instance did they show fear, but they understood the great power back of these details—the power of civilization.

"What," asked one chief, "could an ignorant people like the Moros do against you?"

And so, through the diplomacy and patience of General Bates, these Moro people have become our friends, and at the same time have granted us greater privileges than the Spaniards had—not least among these being the privilege of an American to buy land. It would be foolish to overlook the fact, however, that this treaty does not materially touch the institutions of the country, at least two of which are contrary to our Constitution and laws—slavery and polygamy.

I have endeavored to show that slavery, as it exists in the Sulus, works little or no hardship to the native; that it is far removed from the conventional idea of slavery, and really resembles only in name the status of our North-American negroes before the rebellion. Moreover, any radical interference, on our part, with the existing institutions of the Moros, would unite them against us. The method pursued by General Bates in his negotiations was the English one of playing off the local jealousies of different chiefs against each other, not treating only with the Sultan, but with all the leaders. This method was possible because the interests involved in the Sultan's case were selfish ones. The Datos knew this and sided with us, knowing that they would receive a regular, if small, allowance from the American government.

The question of slavery is different. To touch more than lightly upon national institutions would be to strike at the very root of social life. General Bates showed exceeding great tact in the clause of the treaty concerning slavery. Slaves may purchase their freedom for twenty dollars, Mexican money. Only slowly can slavery be eradicated from a country without doing great wrong to property-owners, and it is to be hoped that Congress, when it comes to act, will see the advisability of letting the present treaty stand as it is—at least for the present. Polygamy is an institution so connected with the Mohammedan religion that the clause of the treaty protecting the religion of the country practically protects polygamy. The Moros have generally several wives. They are of course limited by the Koran to four, and but few have the full number. Besides these wives they have innumerable concubines. If one of the concubines of the Sultan bears him a child, she immediately becomes his wife, provided, of course, that the number of his wives is not already complete. Divorce is common and simple. If a man no longer desires his wife, he divorces her, and she returns to her family. It is not considered a disgrace to be divorced. In spite of all these inequalities, the Sulu women are independent by nature and well treated.

The following is a very characteristic instance of the sort of thing that happens in the matrimonial market of Sulu-land. A Chinaman bought a girl and took her in marriage. After several years of happy married life, along came a Moro, apparently possessing strong fascinations for the wife of the unfortunate "Chino." The woman left her husband and went to live with her new-found lord. Very naturally the Chinaman complained, and sought redress in the American military court. It was an embarrassing question, but the court, with unsuspecting courage, tackled it. Considering that the Chinaman had bought the girl, married her, and lived with her, she was his lawful wife, according to the customs of the country. The decree of the court, therefore, was that the woman was to live with her husband. But man proposes and woman disposes: the wife absolutely refused to live with the Chino. The court was in a quandary; it could not keep a file of soldiers in the home of the Chino to see that the wife remained there; it did not wish to consider the matter as a criminal offence: it did the only thing it could with safety—it maintained a dignified silence. The Chino brought a new complaint, and, much to the disgust of the court, evidence showed that he was perfectly willing to be rid of his wife provided the Moro paid the price he asked. The whole difference then turned out to be a monetary one; and the judge, in just anger, ordered the plaintiff and defendant to settle the matter out of court.

These two questions apply not only to the Mohammedans of the Sulu group, but also to those of Mindanao. They are therefore of the first importance among Philippine questions, and should be approached with the utmost caution. When asked what would be the effect of immediately abolishing slavery in the Sulus, Mr. Shuck—the one white man who knows the Moros—answered,

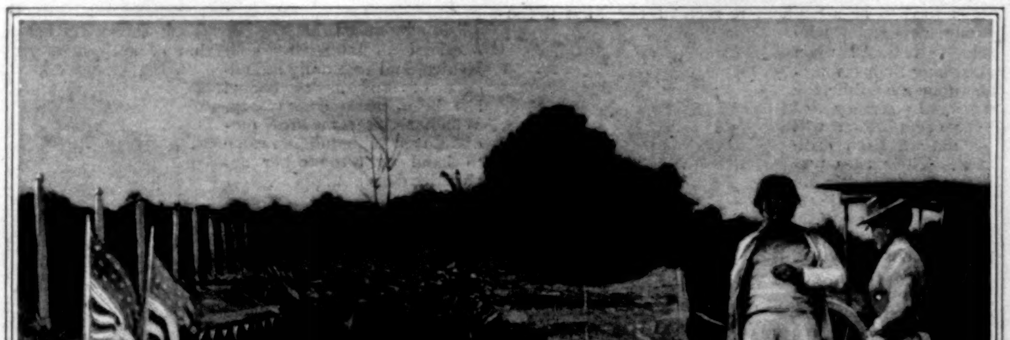
"It would mean ruin to the islands, and every Moro would fight against it."

Slavery—as it exists among the Moros—can only be abolished gradually, by a judicious series of moves, such as the one made by General Bates in the treaty just signed.

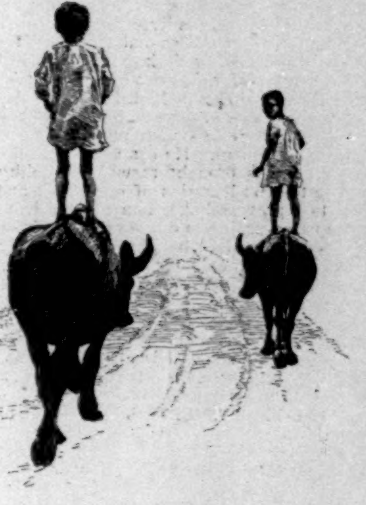
Polygamy is even more deeply rooted in a Moro, and will disappear only when Islam has lost its hold over him.

If the land of the Sulu group and Mindanao prove the land of promise that some hope—if American enterprise and capital gradually change the country from a jungle to a paradise of tobacco, hemp, and coffee plantations—then the Moro and his institutions will gradually be shoved out, succumbing, as our North-American Indian succumbed, to the superior race. Until that time comes, by all means let the Moro live in peace; let his children chant the Koran and his wives weave rough cloth. Of growth he may be capable, but if you force him too hard he will struggle and fight against progress, and adopt our worst rather than our best qualities. Our civilization, good and bad as it is, is a process of gradual evolution, and you cannot expect a wild race to change too suddenly. Our unwillingness to take the other man's view has wrought trouble for us in Luzon, and the wise ones say,

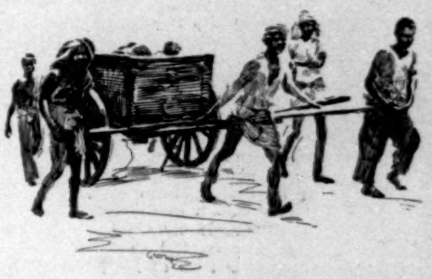
"Beware how you meddle with the institutions of the Moros of Sulu and Mindanao!"



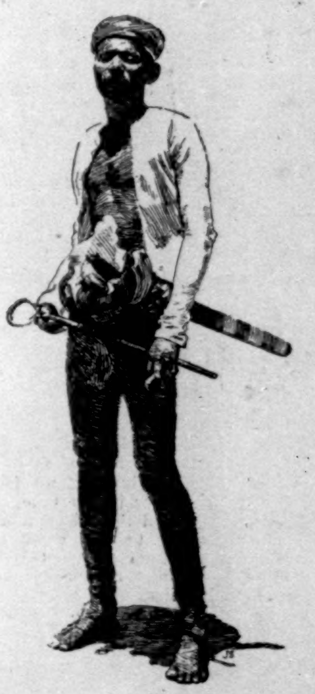
"DITCH OF THE DEAD"—WHERE THE SOLDIERS WHO DIE AT MANILA ARE BURIED.



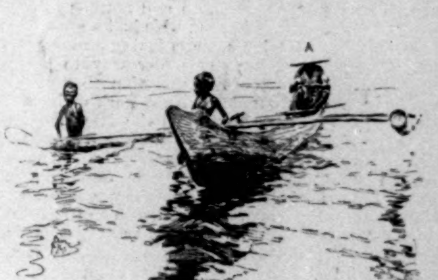
TRICK-RIDING ON CARABAOS BY VISAYAN BOYS.



MORO STREET-CLEANERS OF JOLO.



THE DATO KALBI—A POWERFUL FEUDATORY, FRIENDLY TO THE UNITED STATES.



ON CALDERA BAY, ZAMBOANGA.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT was noted in the public prints some weeks ago that Mr. Godkin of the *Evening Post* had bought lands and houses in New Haven, and the intention was imputed to him of going to that town to live. It was then reported that he was about to retire from the management of the *Evening Post*, and that report has since been confirmed by the *Post* itself, which announced, on November 3, that he had severed his active connection with the paper, though he would continue to be an occasional contributor. It is an event of much moment in the newspaper annals of New York when Mr. Godkin retires. He has lived in this country most of the time for forty-three years, and for nearly forty years has been an editor in New York. He established *The Nation* in 1865, edited it for sixteen years, and carried it with him into the *Evening Post* in 1881. To have him formally retire from the labor of observation and comment is a good deal like having the switch put out of commission and hung up on its nail. He has been faithful with us these many years, has brought remarkable ability and equipment to the consideration of our errors, and has seldom failed to reprove, rebuke, admonish, and at times to excoriate us, according to our several requirements and apparent deserts. His labors have been chiefly critical, and he has shown himself exceedingly well qualified for the critic's office. No critic of contemporary politics and manners can hope to be as useful as he wants to be in his generation unless he can contrive to be read, and read by many of the very persons whom he prods. Mr. Godkin has always been read. His knowledge was too comprehensive and accurate, his humor too acute, and his manner of expressing himself too engaging for even his adversaries to miss. Possibly the circulation of the *Evening Post* has usually been somewhat select, but the readers it has had have been intelligent, and it has been very generally and carefully read in newspaper offices. Some of the seed that it has sown has fallen on stony ground, but the birds of the air never got much of it. Most of it landed somewhere, and staid there, and a good deal of it has sprouted and borne fruit.

Mr. Godkin leaves behind him no personality as egregious and notable as his own in the newspaper offices in New York. There are still journals in New York which are controlled by the will of a single man, and in a way represent him. The *Herald* represents Mr. Bennett; the *World*, Mr. Pulitzer; the *Journal*, Mr. Hearst. But none of these editors permeates and flavors his editorial page as Mr. Godkin has done.

Here's wishing that if he is to live in New Haven he may find that salubrious town to his taste. New York is a good place to work in, and the sentiment is rather prevalent that it is a good place to get out of if one does not intend to work hard. Retirement to the classic shades of a university town is obviously attractive to a man whose interests are intellectual. If Mr. Godkin goes to New Haven, it may help to correct the impression that the only fit asylum for the mentals of New York is Princeton, New Jersey.

SOME of the British officers and soldiers who were killed at Bunker Hill are supposed to have been buried in the Central Burying-Ground in Boston Common. The Victorian Club of Boston has felt that their memory deserved more attention than it has heretofore received, and with the help of some prominent citizens of Boston it has got leave from the Mayor and the trustees of the burying-ground to put up a granite monument, inscribed "In memory of the British officers and soldiers, some of whom are here buried, who fell in the discharge of their military duties at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775."

This polite attention to these valiant redcoats deceased can do no one any harm, and must be generally approved. It has been somewhat slow in coming, but there is solace in the demonstration it affords that recognition may be long delayed and still arrive. Admiral Sampson is stationed in Boston now. Let us hope that when this monument has been set up he will go and view it and take courage. He and the officers and men of the fleet that he commanded at Santiago may not live to receive other recognition than such as is now accorded them by a discerning minority of their countrymen, but some day when the history of the Spanish war has been written, and is read not in the newspapers, but in seasoned books and official reports, the admiral and his captains and coadjutors will get their dues.

MEANWHILE the popular hero of Santiago continues to be Admiral Schley. Two post-offices have been named for him this month—one in Ohio, one in Missouri. A number of towns in Western and Southern States had already been named after him. He had a great reception on November 4 at Atlanta, and a loving-cup was given to him. A fund is apparently under way to buy him a house in Washington. The attention that was shown him in the Dewey parade in New York will be remembered. Except to the navy and the Navy Department and some students of naval operations, he is the sure-enough hero of Santiago. What the Navy Department thinks reappeared the other day in Captain Crowninshield's report; what the navy thinks was disclosed anew at Trenton by the remarkable gathering of naval officers who went to see Admiral Sampson receive a sword from the State of New Jersey. Let us not over-exert ourselves, however, to feel regrets on Admiral Sampson's account. He does not seem to be suffering, and Admiral Dewey, trying to shop in New York last week, was quoted as saying that "this being a hero has its drawbacks."

IF it is true, as is reported from Paris, that the grave of Paul Jones has been found, we may have another edifying example of honor rendered tardily, but in good measure at last. This new story from Paris, as the *World* gives it, is that Ambassador Porter has been looking about for three months past for Paul Jones's grave, and that it has been found by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, under a small house in the rue Écluses Martin. Jones was buried on September 12, 1792, in the Cemetery for Foreign Protestants. His grave, it seems, was marked, and if it has really been found it should disclose, when opened, the admiral's sword and other tokens of his identity. Secretary Hay is said to be interested in the reported discovery, while Ambassador Porter has a record as a raiser of monuments to heroes deceased. We may expect, therefore, that if the admiral's bones are identified, they will be sent to this country and reinterred with due pomp and proper ceremonies. It may be that they may be associated in some way with the arch which it is proposed to erect in New York in honor of the navy.

WHATEVER Governor Roosevelt says or does in these days, there are sure to be carpers who find fault with it. Even his recent Thanksgiving proclamation has not escaped criticism. "The State has been blessed with liberty and order," says the Governor, and it is complained that he fails to except the Women's House of Refuge at Hudson. "Under Providence," he says, "each man has been permitted to live his life and do his work as seemed best to him, provided only he in no wise interfered with the liberty and well-being of his fellow," yet the City Club is after Colonel Gardiner, who hasn't interfered much with the liberty of his fellows, and it says his best isn't good enough. "The people of this State are not merely New-Yorkers," says the Governor, and critics, running to trivialities, demur at "New-Yorkers" as a word not of sufficient dignity for a Thanksgiving proclamation. Again, when the Governor invites us to give thanks for "the way in which this great people, in the first flush of its mighty manhood, is going forward to meet its destiny," there are grumblers who insist that this year's flush is not our first, and that, so far, it is a good deal of a bobtail flush, anyway. Luckily the Governor is too busy a man to bother much with such critics.

Thanksgiving proclamations have been subjects of critical attention in this State before now. Once there was a Governor who admitted in his proclamation that "the wisdom of man is a small light," and the opposition newspapers tried hard to enjoy themselves at his cost. Governor Roosevelt is hardly in danger of erring in that particular direction. If he has a defect as a writer of religious documents (and Thanksgiving proclamations are, in a way, religious documents), it is a defect in meekness, since really he seems more inclined to be thankful that we are a fine, strenuous lot of doers, who know how to take care of ourselves, than he is for any pains that Providence may have taken to steer us. But perhaps the President sufficiently expressed our obligations to Providence in *his* proclamation. King David, one of the most strenuous and engaging men in history, had in his literary moments a fuller appreciation of meekness than our Governor has. "The meek," said he, "will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way." Meekness, rightly understood, is really of considerable effectuality even in this world. Sometimes it seems questionable whether, as the boys say, our Governor is "on to it."

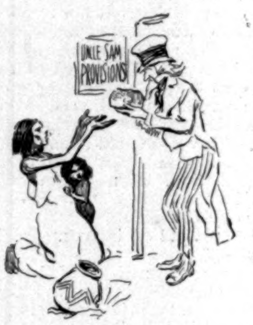
THAT peculiar Harvard institution, The Dickey, is under reproof again, for the performance of certain of its initiates, who gave an Indian dance in costume on the football-field the day the Harvard team played the Carlisle Indians. The exhibition is severely censured by persons interested in Harvard manners as being inconsiderate of the feelings of the visiting red men. "The Dickey" is understood to be a Sophomore secret society, but if the young gentlemen who manage it insist upon obtruding their ceremonies upon the public, the supposed secrecy of their organization will not save it from criticism. Their rites preparatory to initiation apparently include a good deal of horse-play, which is doubtless harmless enough, when it *is* harmless. The trouble is that when on occasion it turns out to be not quite harmless, no one is responsible. Its doers of extraordinary deeds act under orders, regardless of seemliness or of consequences. The young persons of active inventive powers who issue the orders do not appear. When there is a mishap serious enough to bring the instigators into sight, as there was the other day in the case of a secret society at Cornell, the pitiful answer is made, "We didn't know it was loaded," and there is nothing for it but to accept that answer and close the incident.

THE project for a university club at Harvard, which has languished for some years for lack of means, has been taken out of limbo by a gift of $150,000 from Major Henry Lee Higginson, that munificent benefactor of Harvard who gave to the university the Soldiers' Field. What has been wanted is a big club to which all members of the university would be eligible, and which should be a centre of the university's social life. Major Higginson's gift will supply this want. The corporation will provide a site for the new club on land, close to the college yard, which is part of the estate given to Harvard by the late Henry C. Warren. The association which is to manage the club will build on this land, which is perfectly suited to the purpose, and will pay ground-rent to the corporation. The club is to be a memorial of the Harvard men who died in the war with Spain.

There are a lot of clubs already at Cambridge which minister to the social propensities of the student population, but most of them are small, exclusive, and expensive. A few men belong to more clubs than they can use, and the great mass of the undergraduates belong to none at all. As things go now, not more than a quarter of the students have any common shelter where they can meet their fellows for social purposes. The dues of the new club will be low—probably ten dollars a year—and the intention is that its membership shall include every student who wants to join it. Its course will be followed with great interest by every one who knows anything about Harvard's social side.

MR. EDMONDS'S article, "The South's 'All's Well,'" which appeared in the WEEKLY for November 4, was marred by a typographical error. The estimated amount of capital required to build enough new mills in the South to consume the present cotton crop is not $1,500,000, as the WEEKLY had it, but $1,500,000,000.

THE island of Guam seems to have a realizing sense of its responsibilities as a source of news items for the American newspapers. We heard the other day that Governor Leary had had trouble with the friars on the island, and had banished all but one of them. More recent still is the report, brought to San Francisco by the transport *Ohio*, that Guam is very short of food, and that when the *Ohio* stopped there on September 12, the resident American liberators, the foreigners, and the natives all clamored for such simple supplies as onions, potatoes, and flour, and wanted very much to buy stores from the *Ohio's* purser. He had none to spare for them, but has reported their wants. The Navy Department does not credit this story, and has reasons for believing that Guam is not short of supplies.

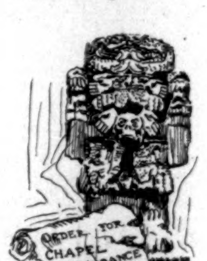


American expansion seems not to have done Guam much good as yet. Our capture of the island was funny, but it must have seemed a poor joke to the unfortunate officials who were captured and carried off. Perhaps it is time that this peaceful island should cease to appeal so strongly to our sense of humor and began to appeal more to our consciences and our humanity.

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S report of the Tuskegee Institute is interesting and highly satisfactory. What the institute does has come to be very well known, but readers cannot be too often reminded of what its needs are. Mr. Washington wants a new heating system, a water-works, a lighting system, $10,000 for the Industrial Department, $4000 for a hospital, $15,000 for a library, $5000 to rebuild a barn, $15,000 for a dormitory. He has now an endowment fund of $68,000; he wants to increase it to $500,000. There is a remarkable concurrence of opinion that the greatest and most effective work that is being done in behalf of the Southern negro, and consequently in behalf of the whole South, is being done at Tuskegee.

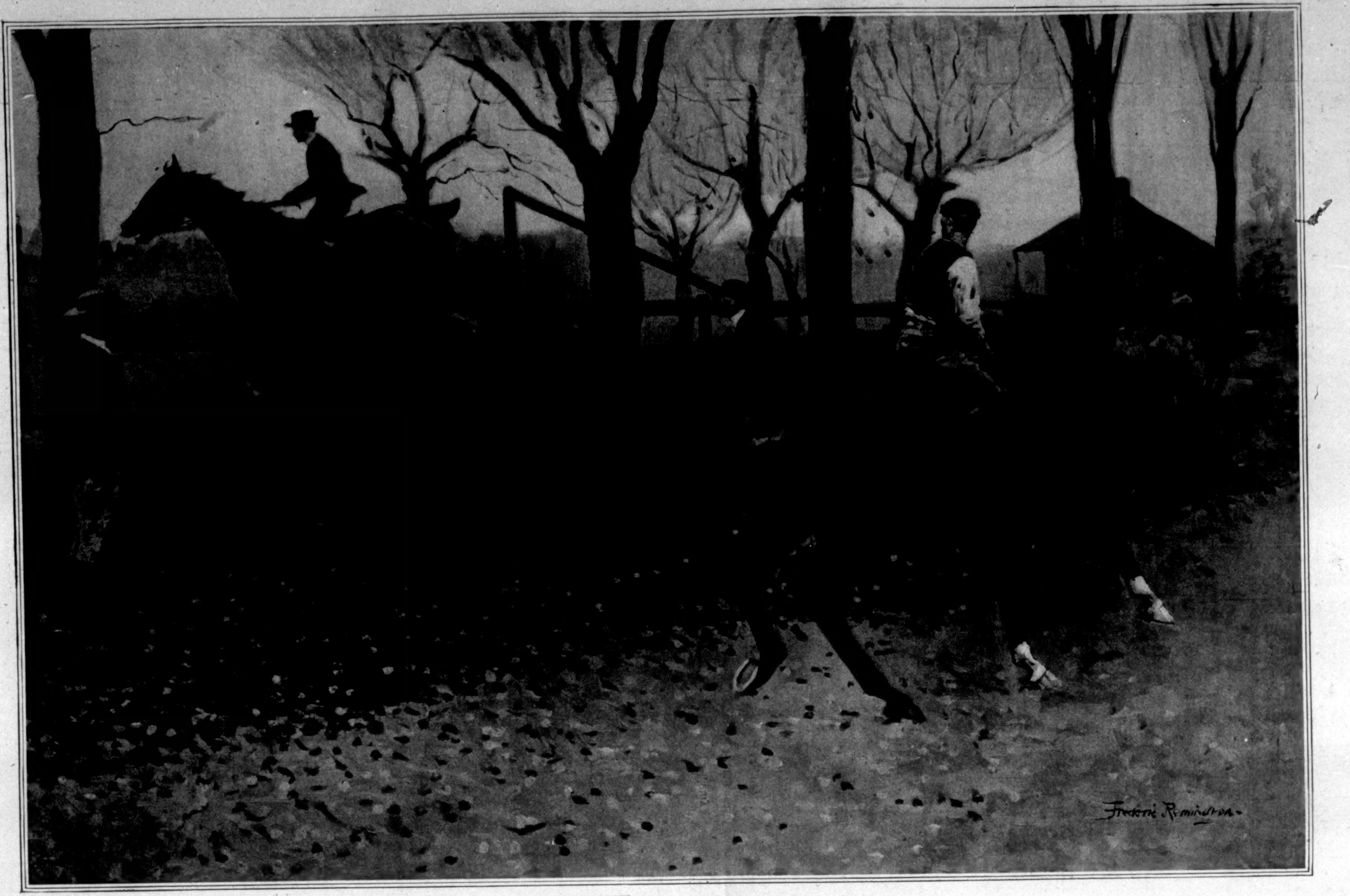
THE trustees of the Hampton Institute are also making known the needs of their institution. As most people know it was the pioneer in the field that it now shares with Tuskegee. It educates Indians as well as negroes. Its deserts and usefulness are undisputed. It wants to add a million dollars to its endowment-fund. Its present endowment is $742,000. Its treasurer is George F. Peabody, Esq., 27 Pine Street, New York.

IT is announced that the New York University has received an interesting collection of antiquities from Mexico, and that daily attendance of students at chapel has been made compulsory. Whether this somewhat out-of-date chapel regulation came to hand with the other antiquities does not appear.



BY the will of Catharine Jarman, who died in 1882, the Yale Theological Seminary has just received $5000 to add to its funds for indigent students. It is rather an untimely windfall, since the sentiment is strong at Yale, in the Divinity School and elsewhere, that aid for indigent theological students is already too profusely rendered, and that the funds already in hand for that purpose exceed the seminary's needs. Twenty years ago, when Mrs. Jarman made her will, conditions and sentiments were different.

Yale is having agitating experiences with her chapel exercises, which have taken a new departure since the election of a layman to be President of the university. The committee which now has the college prayers in charge has desired to "enrich the services," and has tried the experiment of having responses chanted by the choir at morning prayers. But that practice seems to have gone against the grain of a few of the worshippers, who feel that it is somewhat too ritualistic for Yale, and it is likely to be dropped. The approved Congregational method of enriching services is to pass the plate, and possibly the committee will test the popularity of that feature of public worship.


Frederic Remington

SCHOOLING HUNTERS FOR THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX.

By Edward S. Van Zile

This story was begun September 9, 1899

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémnc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémnc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémnc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre discovers that Coyocop is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. De Sancerre, Julia, and Noco escape to the woods. Noco dies, and Katonah and Cabanacte wed. De Sancerre and Julia reach the Mississippi after a brush with the natives. They discover the body of Juan Rodriquez, dead of starvation, and de Sancerre takes from it the Spanish king's grant of lands to Julia's father. He meets Jacques Barbier, *coureur des bois*, a deserter from La Salle's party.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE'S ISLAND IS BESIEGED.

"PARDIEU, Monsieur le Comte, I'll ne'er forget the scene!" remarked Jacques Barbier, puffing his pipe and lazily watching the smoke as the evening breeze tore it into shreds. Nearly a month had passed since the *coureur des bois*, with a wild turkey, had helped to make a single shot from de Sancerre's musket worth its expenditure of powder and ball. During that period Jacques Barbier, obedient, docile, knowing every secret of the woods and waters, had been a source of never-ending comfort to the French count. With a tactfulness which he would have been incompetent to employ a year before this crisis, de Sancerre had attached the Canadian youth to his fortunes without arousing the restless, reckless spirit of revolt which made a *coureur des bois*, in those wild times, an unreliable ally and a mutinous subordinate.

There were, however, other things besides de Sancerre's diplomacy which had tended to keep Jacques Barbier contented with his lot for the time being. The necessity for obtaining food without betraying their hiding-place to savage men hot upon their trail had taxed the Canadian's ingenuity and had aroused his pride as a woodsman. He had listened with close attention to de Sancerre's tale, and had agreed with Doña Julia that the sun-worshippers would not abandon the quest of their goddess while their resources for her pursuit held out. By Barbier's advice and assistance de Sancerre had erected two small huts upon an insignificant island in the western branch of the great river's mouth, and here they had passed several weeks in peace and plenty—weeks which had restored brilliancy to Doña Julia's eyes and color to her cheeks and lips, while they had revived her champion's spirits, and had brought back lightness to his step and gayety to his ready smile.

Their retreat had not been invaded by the degenerate savages along the river banks. Now and then they would catch a glimpse upon the river of a distant canoe, in which copper-colored sportsmen were attempting to lure the ugly catfish from the muddy waters of the turgid stream; and once, far to the northward, they observed a war-canoe putting out from the eastern shore, and urged up stream by paddles which glistened in the sunlight.

Once in a while Jacques Barbier would return from the forest, laden with game-birds, to tell a highly colored story of red men, whose keen eyes he had avoided through the potency of his marvellous woodcraft. But the month of June, known to the sun-worshippers as the moon of watermelons, had reached a ripe age, and the island's refugees found themselves well housed, well fed, and free, so far as they could observe, from the machinations of cruel foes. Sanguine by temperament, and easily influenced by his environment, de Sancerre had put himself in opposition to the belief held by Doña Julia and Jacques Barbier, that the sun-priests and their tools would descend to the Gulf, by land or water, in search of Coyocop. He had eliminated from his mind the thought of peril at his back, and had turned his face toward the sea, thinking only of succor from a passing ship.

It was with the hope that European sailors would come to them from the Gulf that de Sancerre had fastened a piece of white canvas, which he had found among the *débris* of de la Salle's encampment, to the top of the King's Column. From where he sat at twilight, in front of the rude hut occupied by Jacques Barbier and himself, de Sancerre could look across the narrow streak of water between his island and the mainland and see his signal of distress flapping lazily in the evening breeze. Now and then the bright, restless eyes of the *coureur des bois* would rest protestingly upon the white flag. To his mind, the rag was more likely to bring upon them enemies from the woods than friends from the lonely sea. Jacques Barbier hated the ocean with an intensity only equalled by the fervor of his love for the forest wilds.

On the evening to which reference is now made the *coureur des bois* had grown unwontedly loquacious, as he smoked his evening pipe, and glanced alternately at Doña Julia and de Sancerre, who, hand clasped in hand, listened to the usually taciturn Canadian's account of the ceremonies attending the erection of the King's Column and the Cross of Christ.

"*Pardieu*, Monsieur le Comte, I'll ne'er forget the scene! We—that is, your countrymen and mine—were mustered under arms, while behind us stood the Mohicans and Abenakis, with the squaws and pappooses whom they had brought with them to make trouble for us all. Père Membré, in full canonicals, looking like a saint just come to earth from paradise, intoned a Latin chant. Then we all raised our voices and sang a hymn:

> 'The banners of Heaven's King advance,
> The mystery of the Cross shines forth.'

The Mohicans and Abenakis grunted with excitement and the pappooses yelled. '*Vive le Roi!*' we shouted, to drown their clatter, and then your captain—may the devil fly away with his surly tongue!—raised his voice and claimed for the King of France and Navarre possession of 'this country of Louisiana'—with the right to put a tax upon every pelt which we poor trappers take. Gar! it is no wonder, Monsieur le Comte, that we who risk our lives within the woods should feel small reverence for a King so far away, whose harsh enactments have made us outlaws in the land where we were born. Mayhap, monsieur, you have good cause to love the King of France!. In that you differ from Jacques Barbier."

Doña Julia felt de Sancerre's hand grow cold in hers, and heard him mutter something beneath his breath, the burden of which she did not catch. The truth was that the random shot of the *coureur des bois* had touched the French count in a sensitive spot.

"In good sooth," murmured de Sancerre to himself, "his tongue has cut me deep! What cause have I to love the King of France? I knelt in homage at his column there, but methinks my knee and not my heart paid tribute to *le Grand Monarque!* Somehow this mighty wilderness makes rebels of us all! *Ma foi*, Jacques Barbier," he cried, aloud, "what is it that you see?"

The *coureur des bois* had sprung to his feet and was sweeping the shore of the mainland with a quick, piercing glance which cut through the darkness, which the moon, soon to show itself in the east, had not yet overcome.

"Request the Princess"—the title by which Jacques Barbier designated Doña Julia de Aquilar—"request the Princess, Monsieur le Comte, to retire to her hut for the night! There are men stirring upon the further bank who are neither Quinipissas nor Tangibaos. I fear, monsieur, that you have underrated the persistence of your foes who make the sun their god. Unless I never knew the woods, there are stalwart strangers in the bushes over there. Go you, monsieur, and watch the river, while I keep an eye upon this bank. Gar! 'twill be a pretty fight, Monsieur le Comte! Your hand is steady? *Bien!* The moon will soon be up. Keep close to earth when you have reached the river!"

"*Ma foi*, Jacques Barbier, I like the way you talk!" whispered de Sancerre. "But, tell me, we're short of bullets, are we not?"

"Humph!" grunted the Canadian, gruffly. "We've none to waste upon the waters or the trees, Monsieur le Comte! Bear that in mind."

"Tell me, señor," exclaimed Doña Julia, to whom Jacques Barbier's French *patois* was an unmeaning jumble of more or less unrecognizable words when he spoke rapidly—"tell me, señor, has he seen the sun-priests on yonder shore?" Her hand was like a piece of ice in his clasp, as de Sancerre led the girl toward the hut.

"I hardly know, *ma chère*," answered her lover, frankly. "There are men stirring upon the bank, but I cannot believe that they are from the City of the Sun. But if they are, my sweetheart, there are those among them who will never look upon their baked mud homes again! 'Tis strange how a fat larder restores the fighting spirit to a man. A month ago my stomach loathed a battle. At that time all it wanted was a bird. To-night, if you were far away, señora, I'd take rare pleasure in doing moon-tricks when the moon is full. And so adieu, my sweetheart," he whispered, pressing his lips to hers ere she bent down to enter her rude cabin. "When you hear my musket speak, you'll know an enemy of yours has need of prayer."

It was not long after this that de Sancerre made good his boast, although Jacques Barbier began the battle of the night. The French count had dragged his musket and his crouching body through the long grass toward the eastern shore of the small island, and had taken one sweeping glance at the river, over which at that instant the risen moon had thrown a flood of silvery light, when behind him he heard the roar of the Canadian's deadly gun. But de Sancerre had no time to think of his faithful ally at that critical moment. Almost upon a line with the island, and coming straight toward it, two heavily manned war-canoes of the sun-worshippers rose and fell upon the moon-kissed flood. The imminence of his peril acted upon de Sancerre like a draught of rich old wine.

"What reckless fools these be!" he exclaimed, taking careful aim at the nearest canoe, now within a hundred yards of his grass-grown shooting-box. "Be faithful, *ma petite!* The time has come again!"

The thunder of de Sancerre's gun chased the echoes from the musket of the *coureur des bois* across the glimmering flood.

"*Ma foi!*" muttered de Sancerre. "Saint Maturin is wide awake to-night! That bullet did its work."

Reloading his musket with all possible speed, the Frenchman, with a grim smile upon his face, drew a bead upon the second canoe, which had now forged ahead of the boat-load upon which de Sancerre's fatal shot had exercised a demoralizing effect. Meanwhile Jacques Barbier's gun had spoken twice, for he had learned to reload his weapon with a celerity only acquired after years of practice.

"Steady now, *ma petite*," muttered de Sancerre. "You have a record to maintain. *Adieu, monsieur!*"

A paddle and its dusky wielder fell into the black and white flood, and a moment later the two canoes had retreated to mid-stream.

"Gar! you shoot well, Monsieur le Comte!" exclaimed Jacques Barbier, creeping to de Sancerre's side. "If our bullets could have children, we could hold this island for a year! There is no danger from the forest for a time; and, I think, those boats will not come near us for an hour at least. These be the demons from your City of the Sun?"

"There is no doubt about it!" exclaimed de Sancerre. "It must amaze them to meet so much moon-magic, although the moon is full. What think you, Jacques, will be their next attempt?"

"They'll hold aloof, Monsieur le Comte, until their courage rises or a cloud obstructs the moon. 'Tis best, I think, that we patrol our fort. You pace the island to the right. I'll meet you half-way round, and then return. Unless our bullets fly away too fast, there is no danger—for this night at least."

"Think you, Jacques Barbier, they saw the maiden—Coyocop?"

"Gar! 'tis certain, is it not? Their bold attack by boat and shore was not the outcome of a clumsy chance. They knew that she was here, and thought that you could not defend the island on both sides. But this is not the time for talk, monsieur. *Marchons!*"

An hour passed by, and the island's sentinels could find neither upon land nor stream sure proof that the sun-worshippers meditated an immediate renewal of their attack.

"Tell me, señora," cried de Sancerre, abandoning his patrol for a time to have speech with Doña Julia—"tell me what it means! They found two guns awaiting them instead of one. But they have come in force by wood and stream. They have no skill in war, if this is all their fight."

"Be patient, señor; they will come again," remarked the Spanish maiden, unconsciously suggesting by her words the influence which de Sancerre's mind held over hers. "They have concealed themselves, to talk of many things which worry them."

"*Par exemple?*" exclaimed de Sancerre, thrusting his hand through the opening to her hut to clasp hers.

"They know that I am here."

"You feel sure of that?"

"Yes. But they will not return to-night—for all night long the moon will shine."

"*Pardieu!* I do not follow you, señora."

"'Tis clear to me," said the girl, firmly. "Somehow I seem to read their minds, as if the saints were speaking to my soul. They fear that your white witchery, when the moon is full, is more fatal than they had dreamed. They will await the rising of their god, the sun, before they try to capture me again. Be convinced of this: they will attack you, señor, just at dawn. I know their hearts and habits well enough to feel assured that what I say is true. They are not cowards, but they dread the magic of your deadly guns."

"But listen, señora. I fought them in the sunlight once before. They know that *ma petite* can kill by day," argued de Sancerre, hoping against hope that, for the sake of their scanty store of bullets, the girl was right.

"Believe me, señor, that I read their evil minds. They think their god, the sun, more powerful at dawn than later in the day. The Great Spirit, so the sun-priests say, is not unlike a man, and takes a long *siesta* at high noon. They have attacked you now at noon and in the night. They will not tempt your wizard gun again until their shining god is wide awake."

"*Ma foi, ma chère*, your woman's wit has wrought a miracle, I think!" exclaimed de Sancerre. "I owe an altar somewhere far from hence if what you say is true. And so I'll leave you, sweetheart, for a time. I must have speech with Barbier."

"Welcome, monsieur, cried the *coureur des bois*, as the Count approached him from behind. "I've watched the shore until my eyes are hot, and cannot see a sign of living thing. The river and the woods suggest that we were scared by ghosts."

"Nay, Jacques, you'll find our foes were made of flesh and blood! They will return in force at dawn!" exclaimed de Sancerre, throwing himself upon the long grass at Barbier's side.

The *coureur des bois* glanced at the ragged, white-faced patrician at his side with a satirical gleam in his restless eyes.

"You've learned your woodcraft with great celerity, Monsieur le Comte," he exclaimed, sarcastically. "Mayhap the saints have told you what would come to us."

De Sancerre smiled coldly. "'Tis neither woodcraft nor the saints to whom I owe my thanks, Jacques Barbier," he remarked, quietly. "I am a seer and prophet through the goddess Coyocop. And now, young man, I'll let you watch awhile, and get a wink of sleep. I'll need a steady hand at dawn. Arouse me in an hour, and I will take my turn at watching peaceful scenes. Good-night, Jacques Barbier. Bear this in mind: We'll have to fight an army when the sun comes up."

A moment later de Sancerre lay outstretched beneath the moon in dreamless sleep, while the *coureur des bois*, pacing restlessly the little island, nursed his wounded pride, and wondered if the morning would teach him something new.

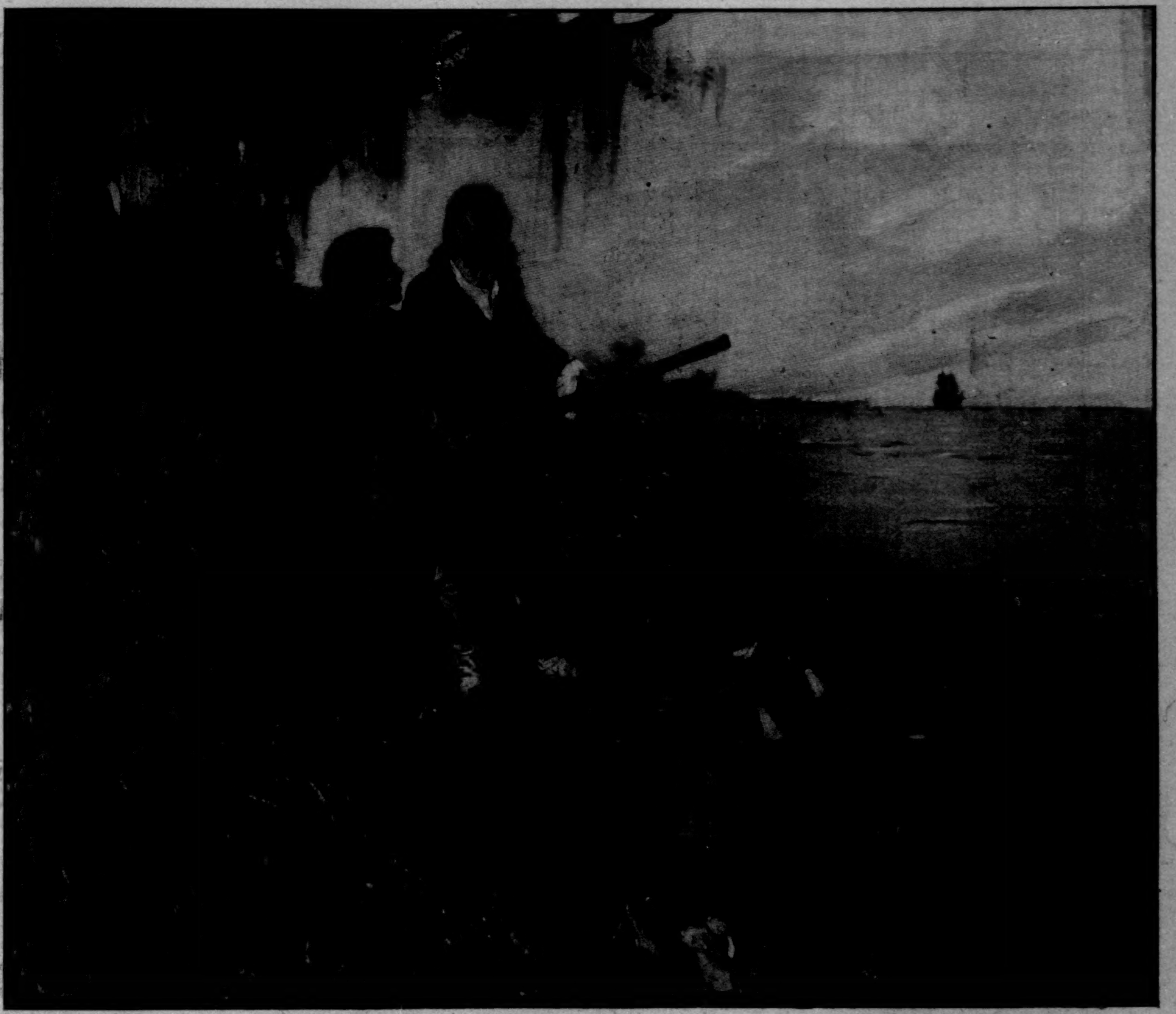
CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH THE GREAT SPIRIT COMES FROM THE SEA TO RECLAIM COYOCOP.

COYOCOP'S prediction was fulfilled at dawn. The year which Doña Julia de Aquilar had passed in the City of the Sun had enabled her to read aright the minds of the sun-worshippers after their moonlit attack upon de Sancerre's island had been repulsed. They had awaited the coming of their gleaming god, and had been rewarded by a sunrise whose splendor should have filled their childish souls with love and peace.

"Gar!" exclaimed Barbier, as he raised his gun to his shoulder. "Service with de la Salle was hard, but 'twas easier than death. But then, 'tis time for me to die! When a wandering outcast from the court of France comes here to tell me what will happen in the woods—and, *pardieu*, he told me true—there's nothing left in life for poor Jacques Barbier!"

A few moments before the *coureur des bois* had elevated his musket, to begin a battle against overwhelming odds, de Sancerre had said farewell to a heavy-eyed, pale-lipped maiden, who had spent the night in prayer, fearful of the peril which the dawn would bring to a brave knight-errant who had grown dearer to her loving heart with every day that had passed. Well Doña Julia knew that captivity, not death, would be her lot should the sun-worshippers reach the island, but that they would grant mercy to de Sancerre she had no hope. The thought of life without the man whose love had come to her as the rarest gift



"HE FELT A LIGHT HAND UPON HIS ARM, AND GAZED DOWN INTO THE DARK EYES OF THE MAIDEN."

which Heaven could bestow was a horror which drove the color from her face and robbed her voice of everything save sobs.

"Remember, sweetheart, if the worst should come to me," said de Sancerre, with forced calmness, bending down to press his cold lips to her trembling hand, "that your brave, earnest heart has taught me how to live and how to die. Pray to the Virgin, who holds you in her care, to keep me always worthy of your love, though death should come between us for a time. Adieu, *ma chère!* God grant 'tis *au revoir!*"

The girl clung to his hand, wet with her tears, and strove in vain to speak, to put into halting words the love and despair which filled her soul. For an instant her white face looked up at him from the entrance to the hut, and de Sancerre bent forward and kissed her hot, dry lips.

A moment later he had crawled through the tall grass toward the eastern shore of the island, and lay watching, once again, the two war-canoes of the black-haired, black-eyed, black-hearted savages, who had turned from their adoration of the sun to begin anew their devil's work. Suddenly a shower of feathered, reed-made arrows whizzed above the gleaming waves, deadly from the speed with which long acacia bows endowed them.

"*Ma foi*, the sun-wasps begin to sting!" exclaimed de Sancerre. At that instant he heard Jacques Barbier's gun, warning the sun-worshippers' land-force not to launch a canoe from the shore nearest to the island.

The Count and the Canadian, an hour before sunrise, had divided the store of bullets which remained to them, and had found that only a dozen shots from each musket stood between them and certain death.

"I know how a miser feels as he counts his gold," soliloquized de Sancerre, as he aimed his gun at the canoe from which a broadside of arrows had been launched at his coigne of vantage. "Here goes number one, *ma petite!* There are only eleven more to defend a Count of Languedoc from the life to come! *Bon matin, monsieur!*"

To de Sancerre's chagrin and dismay, the brawny brown paddler at whom he had aimed his musket had defied moon-magic at the dawn of day. The Count's precious bullet had done no harm to the oncoming canoe nor to the war party which it held. Cold with the horrid possibilities opened up by his indifferent marksmanship, de Sancerre, with hands which trembled annoyingly, attempted to reload his gun in time to prevent the imminent landing of the howling bowmen. That this shot would have come too late the speed of the canoe made evident, when a crash, almost at his very ear, nearly deafened the astonished Frenchman for a time. Jacques Barbier, having checked momentarily by his marvellous skill with his musket the attack from the mainland, had come to de Sancerre's defence in the nick of time. But the *coureur des bois* paid dearly for the support that he had given to the unnerved Frenchman. An arrow, shot by a dusky warrior more daring than his companions, had made answer to Jacques Barbier's fatal bullet, and had entered the Canadian's breast just below his dangling tobacco-pipe.

"Mother Mary, that is enough!" groaned the *coureur des bois*, writhing upon the tousled grass by his horrified comrade's side. "*Courage, Monsieur le Comte!* Let them have your charge! I have just life enough left to load my gun again. Wait! Your hand trembles! *Bien!* Fire!"

De Sancerre's musket roared once again, and his bullet found its way to the heart of a foe.

"Take my gun, monsieur," gasped Barbier. "I made shift to load it—but, gar! this is death! Ugh!"

A hero at the end of his short, wild life, the *coureur des bois* lay dead upon the shore.

At that instant the waters of the Gulf and the river's mouth vibrated with the thunder of an explosion which, to the ears of the startled sun-worshippers upon the mainland and in the crowded war-boats, sounded like moon-magic gone mad with victory.

"*Nom de Dieu!* it is the cannon of a ship, or my ears are haunted by Jacques Barbier's gun!" exclaimed de Sancerre, eying the retreating canoes as he stealthily raised his head above the underbrush and then cast a searching glance toward the sun-kissed sea. To his amazement and joy, his gaze rested upon a clumsy carack, loaded deep, coming to anchor not half a mile below the island upon which he stood. A puff of smoke arose from the great ship's bow at that moment, and again the astonished woods and waters reverberated with an uproar new to the ears of a hundred terrified warriors, who had come forth to recover a goddess, and had been met with the awful chiding of the Great Spirit, who had sent a mighty vessel, larger than their wildest dreams had known, to carry Coyocop back again to God.

With his heart throbbing with many varied emotions, de Sancerre had reluctantly turned his grateful eyes from the sea, no longer a lonely, cruel waste of tossing waves, toward the forest to the westward, into which the land-forces of the disorganized sun-worshippers were scurrying in mad fear of an avenging deity, when he felt a light hand upon his arm, and turning quickly, gazed down into the dark, glowing eyes of a maiden whose trust in the saints had not been betrayed.

"In the hut I knelt in prayer," whispered Doña Julia, from whose face shone the light of a soul that had known deep sorrow and great joy, "when I heard my father's voice telling me that help was near. Oh, señor, the wonder of it all!"

"It looks to me a miracle indeed!" exclaimed de Sancerre. "There seemed to be no hope when Barbier was hit. He died, señora, the death of a true man."

Hand in hand, they stood for a time gazing down at the brave, liberty-loving runner of the woods, whose clean-cut, handsome face had kept its firm, symmetrical outlines through the agony of sudden death.

"Give me back again my dagger, sweetheart," said de Sancerre, turning sadly away from a grim picture of manly vigor cut down in its youthful prime. "I did Jacques Barbier a cruel wrong! He was too brave a man to do a coward's deed!"

"They're manning a boat to come to us!" exclaimed the Frenchman a moment later, as he and Doña Julia turned again to gaze at the great carack rising and falling upon the early morning tide. "It is a Spanish vessel, sweetheart!"

"*Si*, señor. There is no doubt of that! I cannot read the flag she flies, but 'tis some Spanish merchantman bound west for Mexico."

De Sancerre slipped an arm, covered with velvet rags, around the slender waist of the girl, whose sweet face had gained new beauty from the mighty miracle which the saints had wrought in her behalf.

"They heard our guns at dawn across the sea, and saw my canvas flapping in the breeze," he said, musingly. "At last, by chance, the King of France has done me a good turn! He owed me one, señora. My sword has served him well, but when it made a slip, which love itself forgave, he turned his face away, and left me, sweetheart, with no land to call my own!"

Doña Julia looked up at her lover with a bright smile upon her curving lips, and her eloquent eyes told of a joyful heart, as she said:

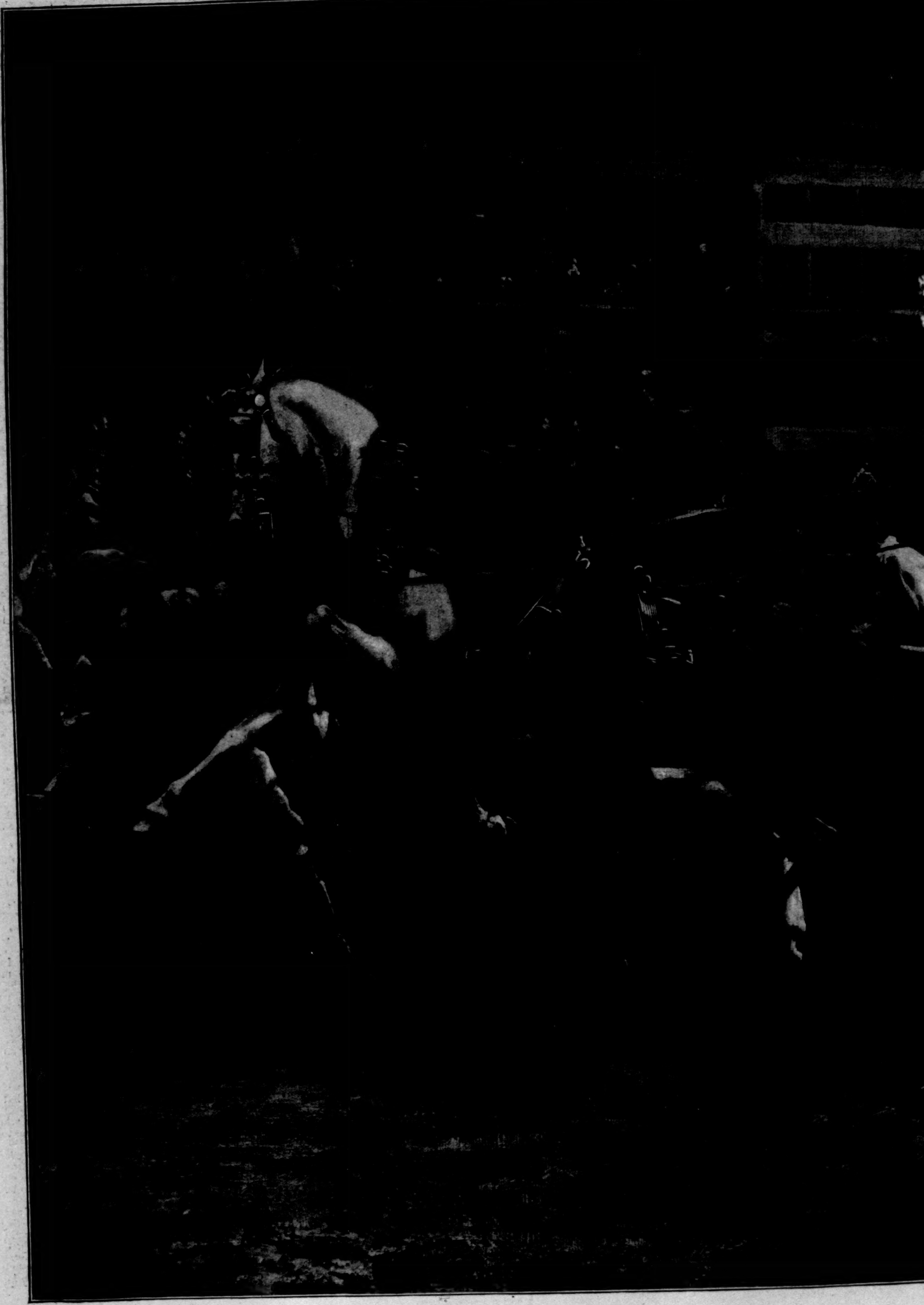
"If so my countrymen in yonder boat are kind enough to take us, señor, to the west, we'll find a province which belongs to me. If you will deign to make my realm the land of your adoption, I pledge my word to be a gracious queen."

Falling to one knee, with the airy grace of a courtier who had never known the manners of the woods and wilds, de Sancerre pressed the girl's hand to his smiling lips.

"Here, within sight of a column bearing the arms of France and Navarre," he cried, gayly, "I forswear all allegiance to other kings than Love, and hereby pledge my life and heart and sword to the service of my queen, whose hand I kiss!"

The salt breeze from the playful sea, smiling beneath the bright June sun, brought to their ears at that moment the sound of a small boat scraping upon the beach, and the rumble of oars clattering against dry wood. And at the base of the Cross of Christ lay a newly made grave, within which slept the body of a youth who had loved God's world and hated the tyranny of men.

THE END.



THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT MADISON SQ

DRAWN

SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY—A QUICK CHANGE.

RAWN BY R. M. REAY.

ALTGELD ON THE DEMOCRATIC POLICY

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE results of the State elections are now known. Four of these are important and illuminating, as serving to indicate the present strength of certain well-defined movements that are hostile to the Republican party. Perhaps Kentucky cannot be accurately included with the other four in an examination of these movements, for the contest of the anti-Democrats there has been purely one against the Goebel machine and Goebel's personality. The success of Taylor and the remainder of the Republican State ticket will not be counted as indicative of the position of Kentucky on national issues, for the men who voted for John Young Brown, and thousands of Democrats who voted directly for the Republican candidates, will not, if they remain of their present minds, vote for any Republican candidate for President, while it seems to be absolutely inconceivable that any event is probable that will induce them to cast their votes for Mr. McKinley. In Ohio, also, there are personal considerations to be reckoned with, some of which are mainly local, but which affect Mr. McKinley, and are likely to have an important bearing on next year's national campaign; but there are others which will not count in any other year than that of a State campaign. The movement which I am about to describe, however, is strongly in evidence in Kentucky and Ohio, as it is in Illinois, and I have found it existent in Massachusetts, especially in Boston. What I am about to write is not presented for the purpose of sounding a note of alarm, but I write it as part of the current history of politics, and I may add that the results of my own observations have been those of many others who have had opportunities identical with, or even better than those I have had, and who, like myself, supported and voted for Mr. McKinley in 1896. What the elections in these States have shown is that a very large number of the gold Democrats have definitely turned their backs upon the Republican party; that some of them are prepared to vote even for Bryan; that others will not vote at all if the choice be between Bryan and silver on the one side and McKinley and imperialism on the other; and that the Chicago-platform Democrats are making ready to help back to the old association the men who were so violently opposed to Bryan three years ago, and whose opposition invited such fierce denunciation, and apparently implacable hatred, that it seemed as though reconciliation between the two so-called wings of the Democratic party was wellnigh impossible.

The other two States from whose elections something informing is to be gathered are Nebraska and Maryland, the results there, as I shall try to show later, having a strong bearing upon the fortunes of Mr. Bryan.

A TALK WITH EX-GOVERNOR ALTGELD

Before describing the Democratic movement towards union, if not harmony, I shall give the substance of a conversation I had with ex-Governor Altgeld in Chicago. It will not do to underrate this leader of the Chicago-platform Democrats. He is not the strong man physically that he once was, and it may be that he will not be able again to take an active part in campaigns, but he is intellectually head and shoulders above all the other Bryan and free-silver leaders. The men who nominated Bryan, and also are to control the next Democratic convention—unless the bosses of the stripe of Croker, Goebel, and McLean control it—will always listen respectfully to the advice of Altgeld. He will remain the man upon whom they must depend if they are ever to attempt to meet the arguments of the strong men of the Republican party. Perhaps even if the bosses and their machines capture the convention and defeat Bryan, in the interest of Gorman or McLean, or some candidate of that kind, Altgeld will nevertheless remain the brains of the new Democracy. He is not much of a force to be reckoned with in that event, however, for his heart will not be in the contest. Whatever else he may be, he is not in sympathy with the Democratic machines of our great municipalities. He is strong as a leader of the kind of movement which made Bryan the candidate, and which concocted the Chicago platform, because he professes to stand as the ideal man of the people. He is no more an old-time Democrat than Bryan is. He is a socialist, and therefore a believer in paternalism. Unlike the old Democrats, he does not want the government to keep its hands off the individual. He wants the government to extend its aiding hand over all industrial life. He has been denounced as an anarchist, but he is the exact opposite. If his political philosophy were adopted, the power of the government would be enormously increased, and its jurisdiction vastly extended. He has, therefore, that kind of principle, or entertains that kind of theory, which finds acceptance with a good many hundreds of thousands of Americans, and he has a power of presenting his views so that they are attractive to the doubting and reassuring to the converted. Moreover, he is a skilful politician, and is adroit in uniting issues for the purpose of getting as many votes as possible behind his ticket, although the united body may be composed of several discordant elements. Whether he takes an active part in the next Democratic convention or not, his advice will be potential, and will be followed unless Bryan himself fails to agree with him—Bryan not being a subservient person, as was plainly shown by his refusal to follow Altgeld's advice that he stay out of Kentucky and decline to take part in the factional contest between silver Democrats—a contest that has been greatly stimulated by the gold Democrats.

There had been several signs that the silver issue was a burden on the hands of its inventors, and I was desirous of discovering, if possible, how much significance to attach to them. Bryan was non-communicative, and, besides, he was in the hands of his ever-smiling brethren, Goebel and McLean. Therefore Altgeld was the only man to talk to. I found him not at all inclined to make light of the silver issue. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he is sincerely convinced that cheap and abundant money will be of great benefit to the farmers and laborers of the country. He at least talks the lingo of that faith much more adroitly than any of his associates. Moreover, he believes that the great vote which Bryan received in 1896 represented accurately the strength of the free-coinage movement. He cannot be convinced that the free-silver men had as allies the discontented who had no interest whatever in silver or in any other economic question, but who voted for Bryan instead of McKinley because they were out of a job. He cannot be convinced, either, that Bryan received thousands of votes from Democrats who not only deny the silver faith, but who believe that the standard of value should be gold, and gold alone, but who voted for Bryan because he was the regular candidate of their party, and because their chief pride is in their own "regularity." No; here were 6,500,000 of votes for a candidate who believed in free silver, and therefore the 6,500,000 voters were all free-silver men. The reasoning is far from sound. The observation on which it is based is far from accurate, but it will be potent to keep the free-silver plank in the next Democratic national platform.

SILVER ISSUE TO BE SUBORDINATED

It is clear, however, that silver will not be the important issue of the campaign if the Democrats can help it. It is difficult to see, perhaps, how the issue can be made subordinate, for it is the only issue concerning which Bryan can be taken seriously. But Mr. Altgeld says that issues are not made by the politicians, but by the people, and that candidates and party orators and newspapers must discuss the questions in which the people are interested. He points out that this is shown to be true in every modern campaign. In some parts of this country the stump-speaker naturally talks about the tariff; in other parts, about the labor questions; in others, about silver; in others, about "government by injunction." He argues that next year the talk will be about imperialism, and next in importance will be the trust question. This arrangement of issues puts the silver issue at least third, and it may be that it will not be heard of except as it will be talked about by the Republican orators, who will naturally insist that Bryanism means cheap money and nothing else. It was clear from Mr. Altgeld's conversation that he expected the return of the gold Democrats to the organization which had driven them out of their old party by revolutionizing it, and by making it stand for everything contrary to old Democratic doctrine and teaching. And this reunion of old partisans who seemed a short time ago to have gone asunder for good and all, not only on the silver question, but because Bryanism means socialism instead of the old Democratic theory of individualism—this reunion is to be effected on the issue of imperialism, seconded by an attack on trusts; although how the trust question can be made to play a part in a campaign in which the two antagonists profess the same faith concerning it is difficult to see. Imperialism, however, is to be the main issue if the Democrats can make it so, and Mr. Altgeld is of the opinion that the people will compel the issue to be placed at the front—will demand the consideration of that question to the subordination of the silver and all other issues. And in this he and his party are likely to be helped by the general apathy on the currency question which is due to the prosperity of the country, and to the fact that the clamor for cheap money, which was so loud four years ago, is not heard of outside of the circle of professional free-coinage politicians. One unfortunate feature of Mr. Altgeld's view lies in the fact that the Republicans are to encounter opposition to their effort to make the money question the prominent one of the campaign. It would seem to be a thing of easy accomplishment if Bryan is to be the candidate. At any rate, I set down the views of Mr. Altgeld for what they may be worth. He assumes that Mr. Bryan will again be the candidate of the Democratic party; that the party will not abandon the silver issue, because it believes in its soundness, and, at all events, that it will not do to confess to the 6,500,000 voters, who he assumes are all 16 to 1 men, that the leaders and they were all wrong in 1896. He further assumes that the fact will be recognized that something of more importance is now before the country, that something being the issue of imperialism, in which are involved the political fortunes of Mr. McKinley and his administration. The question of importance to Mr. McKinley, to the Republican party, and to the country is as to the reasonableness of the belief which is held by the Chicago-platform Democrats that the gold Democrats and all anti-imperialists will next year follow the man whom, three years ago, they rejected even with scorn, because he now stands for the opposition to Mr. McKinley's policy of imperialism, or expansion, or whatever else men may see fit to call it.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM IN POLITICS

I am not concerned at present with the merits of this movement, or of any political movement whatever. I prefer to put myself in the attitude of one who has nothing to say for or against, but who has been the witness of certain phenomena which he is desirous of describing as fairly and accurately as possible for the benefit of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and of all who are interested in the subject of next year's Presidential campaign and who care to take the trouble to read this exposition—for it is that and nothing more. I may add that I have no opinion whatever as to the real significance of these phenomena—not having enough evidence to warrant me in saying anything as to the extent of their distribution. I have, however, found them to be general among the old gold Democratic leaders in Kentucky, Ohio, and Illinois, at least existent in New York city, and more general in Boston than there. There are gold Democrats everywhere, of course, who can never be induced to vote for Mr. Bryan, and who will vote for any one to defeat him. But it is clear to me that in the Middle West and South the movement towards Democratic reunion, even under the leadership of Bryan, is important, and that, unless conditions change within the coming six or seven months, the present trend of Democratic opinion will increase in force and directness.

What do the gold Democrats say—I mean the gold Democrats who have made up their minds to vote against Mr. McKinley, no matter if, in order to express their opposition, they are compelled to vote for Mr. Bryan? They say, in the first place, that, in their opinion, the issue of imperialism is the most important one now before the country. Here they lend themselves to Mr. Altgeld's hope, and indicate that there is at least some common ground on which the old opponents may meet. It is unnecessary or impossible to go into the question as to what they mean by imperialism. They admit, for example, that Congress alone can deal with the future government of the islands; that their regulation is now without the jurisdiction of the executive power. But they believe that in some way the war should be brought to an end at once; that the policy of retaining the islands permanently should not be adopted; and that those who are responsible for existing conditions in the Philippines—principally Mr. McKinley, of course—should be punished. Believing not only that this question is the most important one that is before the country, these gold Democrats say that it is vital: that the annexation and government of dependencies will change the character of the republican form of government; and that the war upon the Filipinos, and the denial to them of the right to govern themselves, is a denial of the soundness of our own assertions as to the inalienable rights of man. It is quite unnecessary to go over the arguments which are advanced by these anti-imperialists in explanation and defence of their own proposed attitude. They are familiar to all who have followed the familiar controversy. What is important is that the belief is so strong, that men who bitterly opposed Bryan three years ago, and who are still hostile to all his other political and economical theories and opinions, are professing, because of their stand on this single issue, to intend to vote for him instead of Mr. McKinley, whom they enthusiastically supported on the money issue, and in thus supporting risked their political fortunes.

It is only necessary to recall the vigorous war which these gold Democrats waged against their own party in 1896 to revive the sacrifices made by their leaders, to realize the intensity of the feeling which now prompts them to declare that they will gladly surrender all that they once fought for because it was for the honor of the nation that they were then struggling, and that they will support the man whose candidacy they then regarded as an assault upon that honor. And yet this feeling exists to an important degree among the gold Democrats. Their minds had been somewhat prepared for the change by the failure of the Republican party to enact any currency legislation, and they had been grieved not only by the tariff act, but by numberless acts of what they regarded as injustice to individual gold Democrats who had been dismissed from the public service. But the real cause of the revolt is that they have come to the conclusion that they would prefer to take the evils of the economic fallacy, rather than the evil which, to their minds, would not only be greater but permanent.

Moreover, they now say the evils of free silver could only be temporary, if the country suffered from them at all. Besides, they add, Bryan could not possibly carry out his policy if he would. Congress is sure to be against him, for even if he controls the Senate, the House of Representatives, which stands for the populous part of the country—therefore the part most concerned in the money question—is bound to be against the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, or at any other ratio—in a word, against any form of debased currency. This is an argument, however, which they use to bring in their fellow gold Democrats who are hesitating, and who are still bound by considerations which impelled them to revolt against Bryan in 1896. It is as certain as can be, when we are considering the future action of the changeable human mind, that a very large number of men who voted for Mr. McKinley in 1896 will in 1900 vote against him, and, if necessary, for Mr. Bryan, on the issue of imperialism, even if it is certain that the currency of the country will be debased the day after election.

BRYAN'S STRENGTH

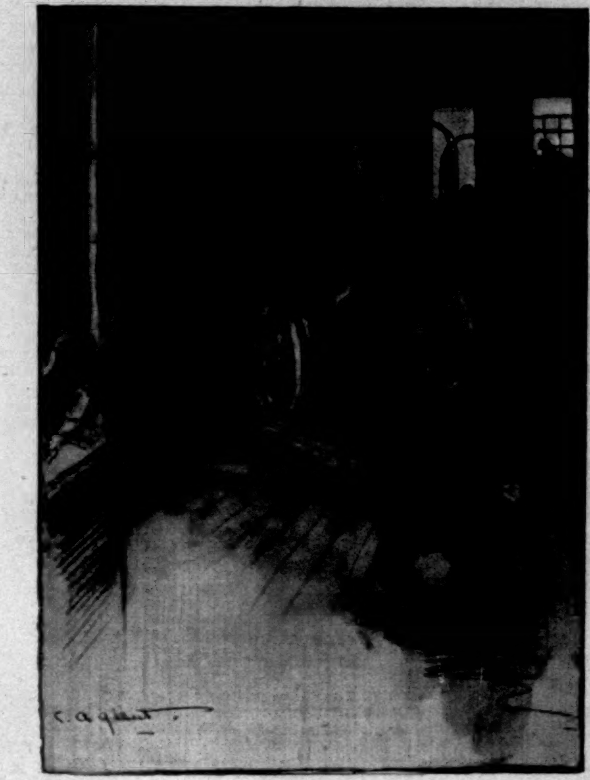
The question comes now as to Bryan's strength. I have already in these columns pointed out that a strong element in the Democratic party—the party that accepted and was loyal to the Chicago platform—is opposed to Bryan because he is not of their corrupt and arbitrary kind. The triumph in the Democratic convention, of the bosses over the wild silver paternalists of whom Bryan is the national leader, would probably end the struggle, for it will be impossible for the Democrats to elect any boss-made ticket. In talking with him, Mr. Altgeld confirmed the views I have already expressed on this subject. There are other elements of opposition to Mr. Bryan. A very large number of his followers are angry because he took part in the Kentucky contest against the silver Democrats who bolted Goebel and nominated John Young Brown. The honest silver Democrats throughout the West are enemies of Goebel and friends of the men who followed Bryan in 1896, but who cannot accept Goebel with his fraud machine in 1899. Mr. Altgeld was a wiser politician than Bryan when he urged the latter to stay out of Kentucky. Bryan was headstrong, however, and took part in a contest in which he had no proper part to play, unless it was in favor of honest elections, in which he would have been obliged to oppose Goebel. Moreover, Goebel is not his friend, and was not won to him by the sacrifices which Bryan made in his behalf. Here is a disgruntled element whose right to go into the convention of next year cannot possibly be denied by the strictest constructionist of the Chicago platform, and which is eagerly looking for the name of some old Democrat who will be sound on the question of imperialism and not obnoxious to the Chicago-platform men. I have heard William R. Morrison's name mentioned as one which the anti-imperialists who are opposed to Bryan are considering. Then again, Bryan was beaten, and, again, the very drift of opinion among the Chicago-platform Democrats away from the silver issue is likely to carry them away from Bryan. So it may not be Bryan, after all; but whether it is to be he or some one else, unless conditions change the Republicans must do more than they have done to make the currency issue the main one of the next struggle, for the Democrats are bound to force imperialism to the front, and on that issue many gold Democrats will go back to their party. On the other hand, will the Republicans who voted for silver in 1896 now return to the fold and vote for imperialism? That is very likely to afford the balance, but I am not at all informed on that phase of the situation.

PREPARING "BEN-HUR" FOR THE STAGE

BY W. J. HENDERSON

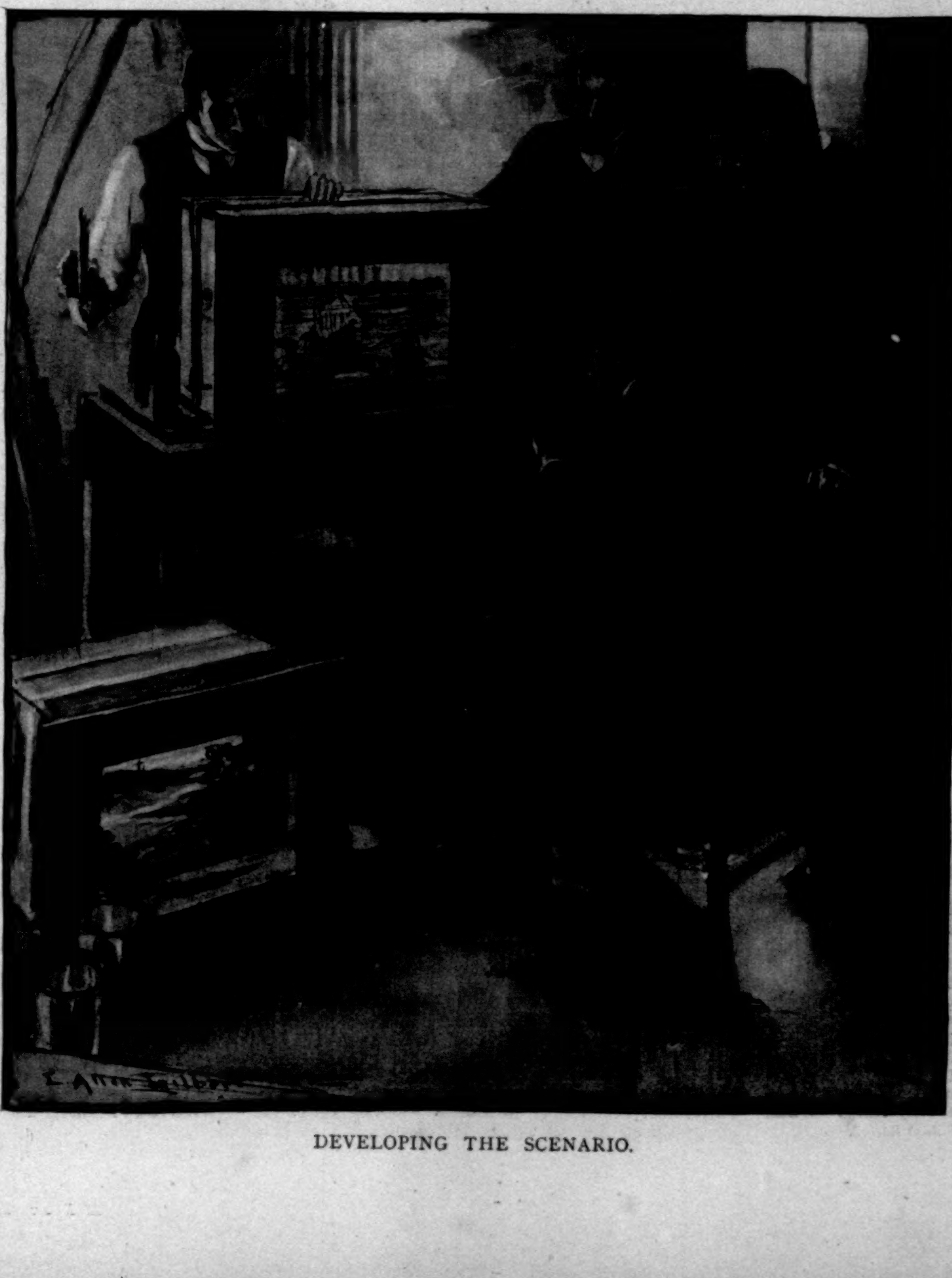
THE genesis of a drama ought to be interesting to the thousands of persons who go to the theatre and enjoy the mimic representation of human life and history on the boards. Whence do all the plays come? is a question which must often be asked. New and original dramas are not numerous. The greater number of plays which find their way to the public in these days are dramatizations of novels, for the fertile fancies of the literary men supply the dramatists with much of their material.

As a rule, the genesis of a play is a sort of growth. Quite as often as in any other way it really begins in the mind of some good stage-mannager, who sees abundant opportunities in some novel for effective stage pictures and significant groupings. Sometimes it is the manager who sees these things. Less frequently it is the dramatist. Managers, stage-managers, and playwrights are constantly reading the popular novels, with a view to ascertaining whether they will afford material for plays. If a smart adapter finds what seems to him to be promising material in one, he goes at once to a manager whom he regards as likely to desire that sort of play and lays his ideas before him. These ideas are in the shape of a scenario, or synopsis of the principal scenes and incidents of the drama. In the beginning the scenario, if it be of a play like "Ben-Hur," is in a crude state, because plays of this kind are built rather than written.


WHERE THE PROPERTIES ARE BEING MADE.

The literary features are bound to be secondary. The dialogue is the very last thing of which the playwright thinks. The first object is to arrange the plot of the play in such a manner that the salient incidents of the story will be brought out in a series of effective stage pictures. Consequently the stage-manager is called into consultation very early in the proceedings. He it is who decides as to the practicability of this or that scene. He suggests a situation here and a tableau there, and the excision of this or that episode because it is likely to drag, and the need of an additional scene in this or that act to make the thing balance.

Such suggestions are the result of large and wide stage experience, and the stage-manager is an important and expensive man. Another person who is sometimes consulted in the writing of a play of the spectacular nature is the stage-carpenter. He is the person who builds the scenery used in the theatre, and he must be asked very often whether this or that idea of the dramatist as to a scene can be carried out. Frequently the play introduces some mechanical effect which has never before been used on the stage, and then the stage-carpenter has to solve the problem of how to carry out the idea successfully. Some plays are called stage-carpenter's plays, because the work of the mechanical department prevails in their effectiveness. This, of course, cannot be the case with such a drama as "Ben-Hur," because there are incidents of genuine dramatic worth in the book, and it was these which first appealed to the dramatist.


DEVELOPING THE SCENARIO.

The building up of a play by these processes no doubt seems to the layman to be a mechanical rather than an artistic business. But the truth is that the art of construction is the main secret of the dramatist's work, and that is the reason literary men very seldom write good plays. They see only the literary side of the work. When the building by the stage-manager, the dramatist, and the stage-carpenter is ended, the work is not done. At rehearsals much that they have arranged has to be taken apart again, for the actual test of performance, as foreshadowed by the rehearsal, is more than it can stand. The stage seems too crowded in some scene, or the scene itself proves to be long and prosy, and it must be cut down to the bone. Often, when this has been done, it is discovered that the scene is of no importance in its abbreviated state, and it is cut out altogether. This necessitates a rearrangement of some of the incidents, and so the work of building goes on.

Such a book as General Lew. Wallace's *Ben-Hur* was bound to suggest itself to some actor or manager as a suitable one for dramatization. It is said that the late Lawrence Barrett had it in his mind for years, and that he was ambitious to act the part of the hero. That may account for the fact that the dramatist who has written the version now employed on the stage is William Young, who wrote "Pendragon"—a play in which Mr. Barrett acted with much success. Mr. Young has been highly praised for his blank verse, and it is said that he has done some of his finest work in "Ben-Hur."

From what has already been said, however, the reader will readily understand that the dramatist, in the making of such a play, must have given his first consideration to the matter of construction of a scenario which would admit of the presentation of the principal incidents of the novel to the spectator in an effective manner. The great scenes of such a play must be chiefly for the eye. The meeting of the wise men, the battle of the galleys, the chariot-race—these are not incidents in which the dialogue will count for much with the theatre audience, no matter how much it may seem to count with the reader of the book. When one reads, his imagination supplies much. When he is in the theatre, his imagination does little or nothing. The brain is fed through eye and ear.

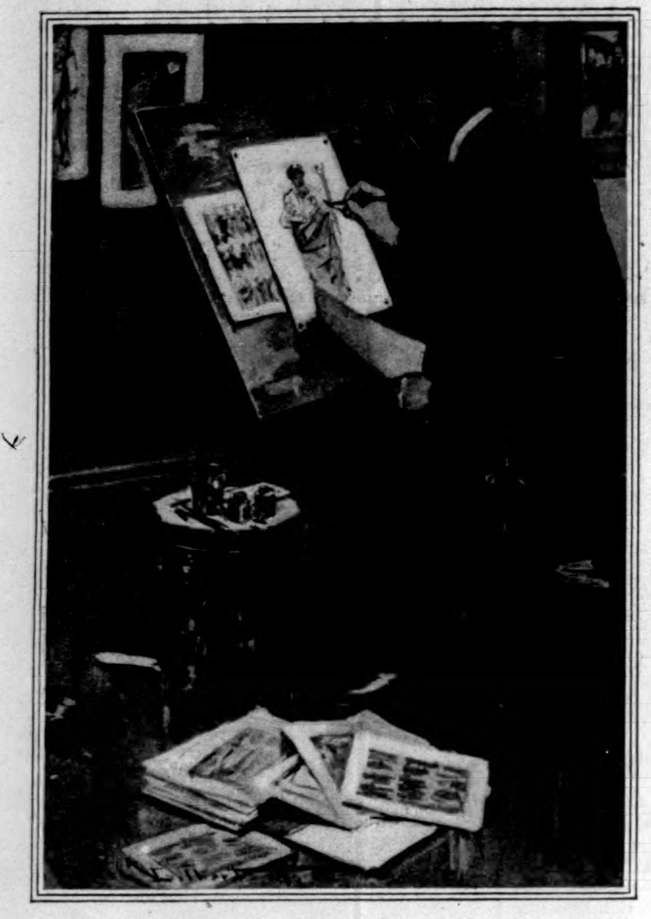
The difficulty of presenting the scene of the meeting of the wise men in such a way that it would be picturesque and not tiresome has been solved by making it a panoramic scene. There will be no dialogue at all in this scene. The action will all be performed in dumb show, and will be accompanied by descriptive music written by the American composer, Edgar Stillman Kelley. Here we come to another of the matters which have to be considered in the building of a play: How much or how little music shall there be? In a general way it may be said that if the play is to be one in which strong emotional dialogue is to be the feature, as in the case of "Zaza," there will be little or no music. But in a play in which there is a large amount of movement, and in which the dialogue is often interrupted by protracted action, music becomes a necessity, and the manager must provide for it. Often the regular musical director of the theatre prepares this music as a part of his routine duties. But when the occasion warrants the making of a special feature of the music it is customary to engage some composer of reputation to write it.

But the three wise men—one a Greek, one a Hindoo, and the third an Egyptian—must be properly clothed. Not only must their costumes be distinctive, but they must be such that they will convey at once to the spectator the information as to the different nationalities of the three men. And at the same time they must be such that they will look well on the stage. The whole subject of costumes is a troublesome one to the theatrical manager.

In the old days, when the "legitimate drama," as it was called, held the stage, the costume problem was easy of solution. Every theatre had its stock wardrobe, in which there were costumes of different countries and periods, and the minor actors could go to this stock and get anything from a Roman toga to a "Francis I. shape." The same old garments were used for all plays of one period; but in these days the wardrobe-room, and the wardrobe-woman who takes care of it and keeps its contents in repair, are found only in the opera-house. The modern society drama has made it necessary that actors have their own outfits, and the actress who holds a leading position in a metropolitan theatre in these days spends a small fortune on dresses. It would be quite inconceivable that she should wear the same gown in two plays.

In what are called costume plays, or dramas of early periods, in which Greek or Roman or Florentine or other fancy dresses have to be worn, the manager of the theatre provides the costumes. At any rate, he provides all those of the minor persons. When the play is a new production, such as "Ben-Hur," some one with a special knowledge of the subject must be employed to design the costumes. There are persons who make a business of this, and it is a business requiring much study and research. The amount of pains taken to have the details of dress correct in the costume-drama, in our time, is almost inconceivable, and one wonders if it is really worth while. But the managers have found that the consistency of the stage picture obtained by correctness of detail cannot be reached in any other way, and therefore they go to the expense, in spectacular productions, of having the costumes designed by an expert. The making of the dresses is the next consideration. The question of the choice of stuffs to imitate the effect of the ancient materials is one requiring some care. As is usually the case, the making of costumes for "Ben-Hur" is let out by contract to a house which makes a specialty of such work.

But, after all, the scenery, and what are known as stage effects, are the most important matters in the production of a play like "Ben-Hur." In the old time it was the custom for each theatre to employ a scenic artist at a salary, and it was his business to paint all the scenery to be used in the house. In those days, however, there were several different plays on the stage each week, and while the



THE DESIGNER AT WORK.

scenic attire was never elaborate, there was a good deal of small work—such as retouching the old and worn stuff—to be done. Then every house had to have its stock scenery—that is, a set of scenes which could be used in many plays. Every theatre had to have its "plain chamber," its "centre door fancy," its "palace interior," its wood scene, its kitchen, its landscape, its garden, and its set rocks with sky and ocean "backings." The set rocks with the sky backing were used in "William Tell" and "The Robbers," and the same rocks with the ocean backing did service for either "King Lear" or "Black-eyed Susan."

Play-goers did not expect much in the way of scenery in those days, provided the acting was of the sort they liked. In these days, however, we demand that the scenery for every play shall be for that play alone. It has been found that the plan of keeping a scenic artist attached to the theatre, to paint all the scenery to be used in the house, is not the best. For one reason, the artists do not paint all kinds of scenery equally well. So now managers are in the habit of letting out the painting of the scenery by contract. The leading scene-painters of the country have their own studios and each one has his specialty. The result is that several painters are employed on the scenery of one production. One will paint the landscapes, another the sea views, and a third the interiors. In this way the best work is obtained, and high prices are paid for it. It is not possible to give accurate figures. A good scenic artist will charge as much as $100 for painting a single "drop," and $500 is not an exceptional price for a fine scene. In such a work as "Ben-Hur" the bill for scene-painting is enormous, for the scenic effects are of large variety and of high importance.

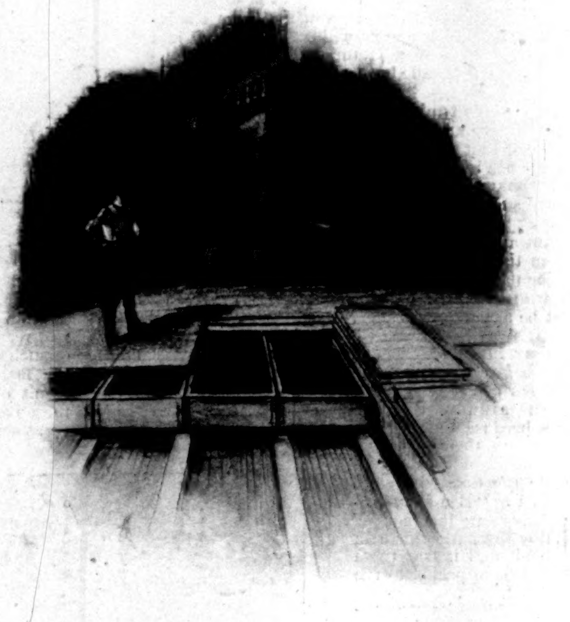
The making of the scene, as has already been intimated, is the work of the stage-carpenter and his assistants. If the scene is built in the house, the regular stage-carpenter and his men cut out all the lumber, but very often this part of the work is let out by contract. This is most frequently the case when the framing of the scene includes much architectural work, which can be turned out at a mill at so much a foot. The Roman columns of the arena and the prows of the galleys in "Ben-Hur" are made in this way. But this play, which has been chosen as a sample of the work of production, is one which calls for more than the ordinary amount of carpenter work. The whole stage of the Broadway Theatre has had to be altered to permit of the performance of some of the scenes. For the wild drive of Messala through the Orchard of Palms a wide door has been cut leading into the street at one side of the stage, so that the horses do not have to be pulled up short, thus spoiling the effect of their speed. The chariot runs right out into the street, and in this way the driver can maintain the dash of his horses to the last moment.

For the chariot-race in the arena a novel arrangement of an old contrivance has been used. Many theatre-goers will recall the horse-race in the last act of "The County Fair." That effect was accomplished by the use of a horizontal tread-mill. The horses ran on it and the spectator saw them in action, while the scenery at the rear flew past in a panorama. In "Ben-Hur" this plan is used with some improvements. The tread-mill has been altered so that it is semicircular, and thus the illusion of the track in the arena is produced. The panorama has been made in what looks like a semicircle, and that aids in the general effect.

The next person who has to contribute to the making of a play is the property-man. He manufactures or procures all the articles not a part of the scene itself. He provides the furniture and the bric-à-brac in the modern play, and the spears, the shields, the swords, and the armor in the play of ancient date. The scene-painter may paint the temple of Diana, but the property-man makes the altar and the statue of the goddess. His work is wholly a specialty of the theatre, and although he can borrow or hire many articles, he must know how to make most of them himself.

The stage-manager must be a man of wide and varied experience, for he has to plan what is known as the "business," which includes all the action and movement of the characters. This must be done before the rehearsals begin, for the stage-manager must be ready at the first rehearsal to tell the different personages of the drama where they are to stand, where they are to come on and to go off, and what they are to do. For the purpose of working out these matters some stage-managers use a model stage with holes, in which a set of pegs are placed to represent the various characters. Thus the business of planning the groupings and movements of the persons of a play becomes a sort of game of chess.

The reader must now be convinced that the writing of a play is only a small part of the business of making one. When, therefore, one is asked where the plays come from, he can truthfully answer that they come from the brains of all employed in the theatre. That this is strictly true of only the more elaborate productions does not alter the fact that it is largely so of those which are simpler in action and more subtle in speech and motive. The labors of the dramatist, the stage-manager, the scene-painter, the property-man, the stage-carpenter, and the musical director precede those of the actors, and when the play reaches the members of the company it is complete, except for such changes as are made at the rehearsals. What the spectator sees the actors doing and the surroundings in the midst of which they do it are chiefly the result of the labors of other brains than theirs.



THE STAGE OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE,
Showing Part of Tread-mill to be used in Chariot-race.

MR. DOOLEY*

IX.—ON POLYGAMY

"HOW manny wives has this here man Roberts that's thryin' to break into Congress?" Mr. Dooley asked.

"I dinnaw," said Mr. Hennessy; "I niver heerd iv him."

"I think it's three," said Mr. Dooley. "No wondher he needs wurruk an' is fightin' hard f'r th' job! I'm with him too, be hivens! Not that I'm be taste or inclination a marryin' man, Hinnissy. They may get me to th' altar some day. Th' best iv us falls, like Cousin George, an' there ar-re designin' women in this very block that I have me own throubles in dodgin'. But anny time ye hear iv me bein' dhrawn fr'm th' quiet miseries an' exclusive discomforts iv single life ye may know that they have caught me asleep an' chloroformed me. It's thrue. But f'r thim that likes it it's all r-right, an' if a man's done something in his youth that he has to do pinance f'r, an' th' stations iv th' cross ain't sthrong enough, lave him, says I, marry as manny women as he wants, an' live with thim an' die con-tint. Th' Mormons thinks they ar-re commanded be th' Lord f'r to marry all th' ineligeable Swede women. Now I don't believe th' Lord iver commanded even a Mormon f'r to do annything so foolish, an' if he did he wuddent lave th' command written on a pie-plate an' burrid out there at Nauvoo, in Hancock County, Illinye. Ye can bet on that, Hinnissy.

"But if anny wan believes 'twas done, I say, lave him believe it an' lave him clasp to his bosom as many Olesons as 'll have him. Sure, in th' prisint state iv th' mathrimonyal market, as Hogan calls it when he goes down to coort th' rich Widow O'Brien, th' la-ad that wants to engage in interprises iv that sort ought to have a fri'nd in ivry wan but th' men that keeps imploymint agencies.

"But no. Th' minyit a Mormon thries to break into a pol-itical job, a dillygation rises, an' says they: 'What!' they says, 'permit this polluted monsther f'r to invade th' chaste atmosphere,' they says, 'iv th' House iv Riprisintatives!' they says. 'Permit him f'r to parade his fam'ly down Pinnsylvania Avanoo an' block thraffic!' they says. 'Permit him, mebbe, to sit in th' chair wanst occypied be th' laminted Breckinridge!' they says. An' they proceed f'r to hunt th' poor, crowded man. An' he takes a day off to kiss his wife fr'm house to house, an' holds a meetin' iv his childer to bid thim good-by, an' r-runs to hide in a cave till th' dillygation ray-mimbers that they have husbands iv their own, an' goes home to cook th' supper.

"A Mormon, Hinnissy, is a man that has th' bad taste an' th' rellijion to do what a good manny other men ar-re restrained fr'm doin' be conscientious scruples an' th' polis. I don't want anny wife; ye, Hinnissy, ar-re satisfied, not to say con-tint, with wan; another la-ad feels that he'd be lonesome without tin. 'Tis a matther iv disposition. If iver I got started, th' Lord on'y knows where I'd bring up. I might be like me fri'nd an' fellow-Sultan, Hadji Mohammed. Hadji has wives to burn, an' wanst in a while he bur-rns wan. He has a betther job thin Congressman.

"Th' best a Congressman can get is fourth-class postmasther an' a look in at th' White House on visitin' day. But Hadji, th' pop'lar an' iloquent Sultan iv Sulu an' Bazeen iv Ohio iv th' Passyfic, owns his own palace an' disthributes his own jobs. No man can hold th' office iv bowsthringer iv our impeeryal domain without a certy-ficate fr'm Hadji. Fr'm th' highest office in th' land to th' lowest, fr'm th' chief pizener to th' throne to th' humblest ixicutioner that puts a lady in a bag an' dumps her into th' lake iv th' Nine-millionth Assimbly District, they look to Hadji Mohammed f'r their places. He is th' high guy, th' main thing. He's ivrybody. Whin he quits wurruk th' governmint is over f'r th' day. An' does anny wan say, 'Hadji, ye'll have to abandon two or three hundhred iv ye'er firesides. Ye ar-re livin' jus' inside th' left-field fince iv our domain, an' 'tis a rule iv th' game that we've taken ye into that no wan shall have more thin wan wife at a time, that anny wan knows of. In behalf iv th' comity iv th' Society f'r th' Supprission iv Poly-gamy, I request ye to discard Nora an' Eileen an' Mary Ann an' Sue an' Bimbi an' th' r-rest iv th' bunch, an' cleave on'y to Lucille. I judge be her looks that she's th' first Missus Haitch.'

"No, sir. If he had, he'd reach th' ship that runs between our outlying wards without a hair to his head. Instead iv reproachin' Hadji with his domestic habits, wan iv th' envoys that ar-re imployed in carryin' messages fr'm th' Prisidint to his fellow-citizens proceeds to th' pretty little American village iv Sulu, where he finds Hadji settin' up on a high chair surrounded be wives. 'Tis a domestic scene that 'd make Brigham Young think he was a bachelor. Hadji is smokin' a good seegar an' occasionally h'istin' a dhrink iv cider, an' wan iv th' ladies is playin' a guitar, an' another is singin', 'I want ye, my Sulu,' an' another is makin' a tidy, an' three or four hundhred more ar-re sewin' patches on th' pants iv th' Hadji kids. An' th' ambassadure he says: 'Mos' rile an' luminous citizen, here is a copy iv th' annual Thanksgivin' pro-clamation,' he says. ''Tis addhressed to all th' hearty husbandmen iv our belovid counthry—m'anin' you, among others,' he says. 'An' here,' he says, 'is th' revised Constitution,' he says. 'The original wan,' he says, 'was intinded f'r ol' stick-in-the-muds that wuddent know th' diff'rence between a harem an' a hoe,' he says. 'This wan,' he says, 'is more suited f'r th' prisint gay an' expansive times,' he says. 'It permits a man,' he says, 'to cleave to as manny wives,' he says, 'as his race, color, an' prevyous condition iv servitude will permit,' he says. 'Thank ye kindly,' says Hadji. 'I'll threasure these here papers as a vallyable meminto fr'm that far-distant home iv mine which I have nivver see,' he says. 'I'd inthroduce ye to Mrs. Hadji wan by wan,' he says, 'but 'twud be betther,' he says, 'f'r to stand up here an' be prisinted to her as a whole,' he says, 'f'r,' he says, ''tis growing late, an' I want ye to come up to th' house,' he says, 'an' pick a mission'ry with me,' he says. 'A Baptist,' he says, 'raised on th' farm,' he says. An' Hadji holds his job an' looks for'rard to th' day whin we have female suffrage an' he can cast th' solid vote iv Sulu f'r himsilf f'r Prisidint."

"Thin," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye'er fri'nd Roberts ought to move to what-d'ye-call-th'-place."

"That's what I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Dooley. "But 'tis too bad f'r him he was bor-rn at home."

F. P. DUNNE.

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AMATEUR SPORT

ELLIS HURDLING THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

HARVARD'S exhibition, excellent though it was, against Pennsylvania, who was beaten by the rather one-sided score of 16–0, was, nevertheless, not so notable for what it accomplished in Philadelphia as for the suggestion it conveyed of the form likely to be displayed at Cambridge on the 18th of this month.

It seems to me that in the present Harvard eleven rest possibilities of the swiftest, strongest football any of us has yet witnessed. There is a chance, of course, that the team may not realize its potentiality; there is the danger that the fumbling which has been a serious defect all season will have a weakening, perhaps a demoralizing influence on the day of the team's supreme effort. But the steady progress and the obvious capacity for improvement that have marked each stage of the team's development argue for growing strength up to the very day of its final game.

Greater football contrast could not have been offered than the Harvard-Pennsylvania game furnished. Harvard revealed a variety and strength of play that told of a thorough grasp of the possibilities of modern football; Pennsylvania's efforts were practically all along the line of close formations, with no new features of consequence and no exceptional skill in their execution.

Harvard played the open game by choice, and the close game when the need came, which was but very few times during the afternoon. Pennsylvania had no choice, and played mass formations and guards back continually. Pennsylvania had but one style of play; Harvard was as resourceful in the manner of her attack as in the power of it.

PENNSYLVANIA'S display, in truth, was most surprising; not by reason of her defeat, but because of the imperfect development her play revealed. And this becomes the more astonishing when we consider the really good material on the team. Certainly no place on the Pennsylvania line can be called weak, while the centre trio is about as strong as Harvard's, and one tackle and one end little inferior to the best in the country. Back of the line there is plenty of individual strength, though of less skill as respectively placed. And yet but for this great individual strength in the line and back of it, and its use in close formations, Harvard would probably have run up a score of 30 as easily as 16.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF HARVARD'S INTERFERENCE.

Except on close formations Pennsylvania showed no team-work, and her runners had to depend largely upon their own efforts. In the open game Pennsylvania's play was mediocre to a degree. Variations of the guards back were set in motion, but Harvard almost invariably stopped them, and when the inefficacy of this style was repeatedly shown, Pennsylvania, instead of trying something else, kept firing off the same losing play. Perhaps she had no other; indeed, I believe that to be the case, and if so, surely she was poorly equipped to enter the modern football arena!

Pennsylvania has had hard luck this season in having so many men important to her eleven laid off for periods of greater or lesser length; there is no doubt of this having been a deterrent factor in the attainment of team-play. But it is also true that this does not entirely explain the singular monotony of Pennsylvania's attack, nor the complete reliance on the close game.

As the season grows we shall no doubt witness improvement in Pennsylvania's game—against Michigan, whom she should defeat, and against Cornell, who is more than likely to beat her—unless Pennsylvania improves her present well-known methods of attack.

THE story of the Harvard-Pennsylvania game emphasizes Pennsylvania's continually courageous fight against odds that would have entirely beaten down a team of less individual strength. Pennsylvania won the toss, and Harvard kicked off against a strong wind. With the ball on her 20-yard line, Pennsylvania gave immediate indication of the character of game she was to play during the afternoon; for McCracken, and then Coombs, took the ball in guards-back and mass formations, without gain, and Outland fumbled the next—a pass for punt—and Harvard secured the ball, only to lose it after a couple of rushes, on a blocked try for field-goal. Pennsylvania had shown some great defence, and now had the ball on her 3-yard line, whence a poor kick, resulting, no doubt, from the poorer pass, sent it to Harvard on Pennsylvania's 30-yard line.

Harvard now made her first display of the compact and swiftly moving interference which was to net her such gains during the day and work such havoc among the Pennsylvania tacklers.

Without losing the ball, and finally by a cleverly executed double pass from one runner to the other directly behind his shoulder—Reid, Kendall and Sawin covered the thirty yards for Harvard's first touch-down.

EVEN at so early a stage of the game Harvard's superior all-round knowledge and skill were easily discernible. Pennsylvania's tacklers dove into Harvard's interference, only to be shunted to one side, while Harvard carried her runners clean through and over the opposing rush-line, and quickly smashed what embryonic interference Pennsylvania at times showed.

Pennsylvania again tried rushing the ball on the old plan, but could not gain; while Harvard, on the other hand, made some neat runs, in which Sawin figured chiefly; and after an exchange of punts, in which Hallowell did fair work against a strong wind, Daly made his customary free catch, and Burnett took a placed kick from the 65-yard line, but fell short. Pennsylvania's next attempt at rushing developed an old-time revolving wedge, which, after small gains for one or two plays, resulted in Pennsylvania's longest run by Wallace, who went through guard for twenty yards. A few more rushes for short gains, and Pennsylvania was on Harvard's 20-yard line. Why she did not try for a goal at this time is not to be understood; but she did not, and immediately lost the ball on downs. Pennsylvania was never again so near the Harvard goal. Later she tried for field-goal from the 40-yard line.

Harvard now, by a succession of end runs, took the ball to Pennsylvania's 5-yard line, where she lost it on a fumble. Thereafter an exchange of punts, resulting in Harvard's favor, and more end-running by the crimson, took the ball to Pennsylvania's 15-yard line, where it was lost on downs, Pennsylvania showing the stalwart defence of which, at her best, she is capable.

During the remainder of the first half the battle waged backwards and forwards in Pennsylvania's territory, Harvard making short rushes and Pennsylvania short punts, when possession of the ball had been secured. It was evident Harvard was reserving her strength, while Pennsylvania was as plainly working desperately to protect her goal against the second invasion, which threatened as time was called.

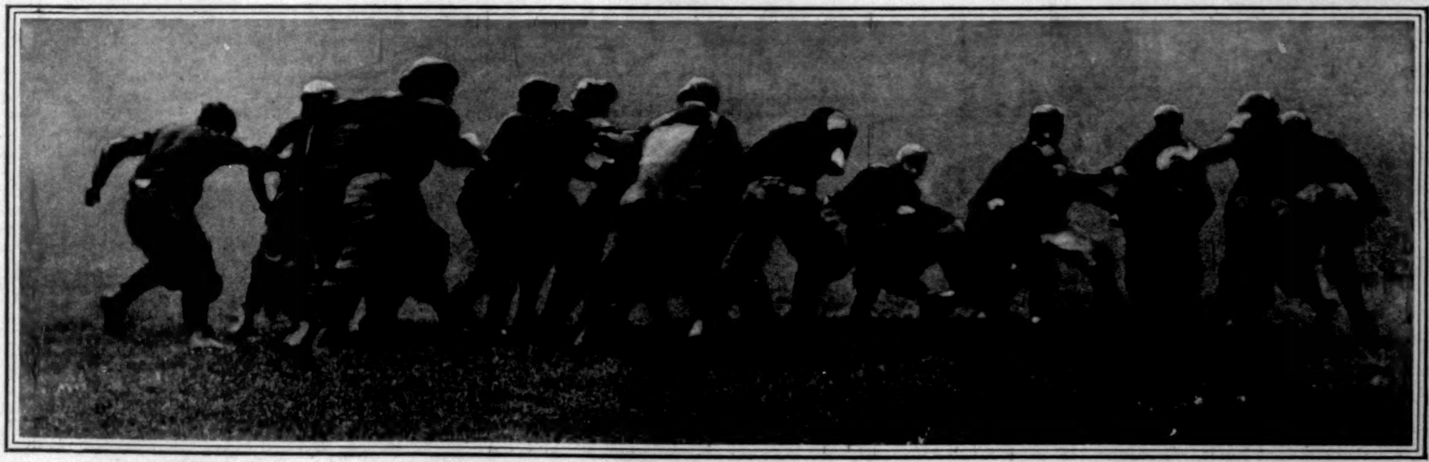
HARVARD had made most of her gains in the first half around the end; but at the opening of the second, with Ellis replacing Reid, and Sawin and Kendall still in the game, the crimson backs were sent into the line. Though the gains were now naturally shorter, they were about as continuous, Ellis doing some remarkable hurdling of the Pennsylvania line, while Sawin ran so low as to find the smallest opening.

It did not take many minutes of this kind of work to result in another touch-down, from which goal was kicked.

For a while Pennsylvania made a small showing in line-bucking, with Hare, McCracken, Teas, and Smith alternately carrying the ball, but the gains were inconsiderable; and after Daly's free catch on the 50-yard line, and Burnett's second failure to kick a goal, Harvard renewed line-bucking, and without hinderance carried the ball over Pennsylvania's line for the third touch-down.

For the remainder of the game play was entirely in Pennsylvania's territory, although once the ball was punted out so far as the 50-yard line, where Daly made a free catch, and Burnett another unsuccessful attempt at field-goal.

Harvard was evidently playing well within herself, and Pennsylvania making desperate effort to keep the score from growing; the latter's plucky exhibition was most commendable. Although hope had fled of even holding the victors to a close score, Pennsylvania played to the very end with as much determination as at the beginning; looking inevitable and overwhelming defeat in the face, she never faltered. It was really a fine exhibition of courage before a team which had outplayed and outgeneralled her.



HARVARD WORKING A DOUBLE PASS—DALY RECEIVING BALL.

INDIVIDUALLY speaking, Pennsylvania quite shared the day's honors, and none on either side is entitled to so large a portion as Pennsylvania's guard, Captain Hare. Never has a man performed more brilliantly. He was into every play, tackled runners well out on the end of the line, and certainly saved one touch-down when, evading three interferers, he tackled Sawin, who was running for the Pennsylvania goal with a field entirely cleared of defenders. In his position he sustained his reputation of being the first guard in college football. Wallace played a consistently good game at tackle, and Coombs, at end, at times played brilliantly. If he would maintain his best pace there would be few better ends than he. Stehle also did some very fair work on the other end. Man for man, there was not much difference in the line in favor of Harvard, except at one tackle and one end.

Back of the line Pennsylvania was outclassed. Outland, curiously enough, was not run at all, and his quarter-back work was only fair; as also was Gardiner's. Woodley seemed the most acceptable of the three. McCracken was the only ground-gainer from the back field. Kennedy made no impression on the Harvard line, and Smith made but little more.

Of course Pennsylvania's difficulty was lack of interference, which left her runners at the mercy of Harvard's aggressive defence.

Aggressive defence, by-the-way, just about explains Harvard's attitude when her opponent has the ball, and it means the difference between getting the "jump" on your opponent, and permitting him to get the "jump" on you.

Getting the "jump" on one, let me explain to my lay readers, means getting the start of him—being quicker to act, in other words.

IT is difficult to single out individuals on Harvard's team for especial mention, since the very essence of Harvard's play and of its strength lay in the subordination of the individual to the whole. There was no play in which every man did not have a part and fill it. On the line perhaps Campbell and Hallowell were the more conspicuous—the former for his speed in getting down the field and certainty of tackle, and the latter for the double duty he performed at end and in punting. In the back field Sawin, Ellis, and Reid were most prominent in the ground-gaining, and of the interference Daly was the pivot.

Harvard's interference this year is the best yet seen on the field; it is not complicated in formation, but it starts promptly, and moves so compactly, with the runner well on the outside, that unless the play is broken up at once before getting under way, it is almost impossible to stop it for no gain. It was this interference on tackle plays and a strong defence which most largely contributed to Harvard's victory. At the same time it is to be remembered that Pennsylvania's system of defence makes her notably strong against guard and centre plays, and comparatively weak against tackle and end plays. Had Harvard confined her efforts to end plays, we might doubt the efficacy of their attack against a stronger all-round defence. But in the second half she directed her attack at Pennsylvania's centre, and gained as consistently as she had around and inside of the end. Sawin is one of the shiftiest half-backs we have seen; he gets off speedily, and goes through a broken field with precision and despatch. Ellis, in his tremendous line-bucking, reminds me of the old full-back Butterworth, whose irresistible plunges were the feature of Yale's play a few years ago. Summary:

Harvard.	Positions.	Pennsylvania.
Campbell	Left end	Potter Stehle
Donald Eaton	Left tackle	Snover
Boal Sargent	Left guard	Hare
Burnett	Centre	Overfield
Burden	Right guard	Teas
Lawrence	Right tackle	Wallace
Hallowell	Right end	Coombs
Daly	Quarter-back	Outland Woodley Gardiner
Sawin	Left half-back	Kennedy
Kendall Warren	Right half-back	McCracken Smith
Reid Ellis	Full-back	Bannard

Score—Harvard, 16; Pennsylvania, 0. Touch-downs—Kendall, 1; Ellis, 2. Goal from touch-down—Lawrence, 1. Referee—Matthew McClung of Lehigh. Umpire—Paul J. Dashiell of Johns Hopkins. Time-keeper—F. M. Woods, B.A.A. Time of halves—Thirty-five minutes. Attendance, 18,000.

Overfield's intercepted endeavor, at the close of the game, to carry off the ball, which tradition gives to the victorious team, has been so exaggerated and highly colored by sensational newspaper accounts, that I feel constrained to refer to it. It was an incident not without precedent, for members of other teams have been guilty of the same impetuous attempt to carry off the ball which has signalized bitter defeat. There was quite as much thoughtlessness in the effort of Harvard's two end rushers to take away the ball from Overfield as in the latter's seizure of it, and the crowding upon the field of spectators gave an unpleasant aspect to an occurrence that otherwise would have passed unnoticed. The offending Pennsylvanian yielded the ball to his captain, who quickly gave it, with Overfield's personal apology, to the Harvard captain, and the incident was closed.

ALTHOUGH Harvard's game against Pennsylvania was carefully planned and at times brilliantly executed, yet it had vulnerable spots which, similarly exposed against Yale, would be most likely to result in a touch-down next Saturday, and might lead to even greater disaster. The more serious of these was fumbling—always an ominous weakness. It has been apparent in Harvard's work all season, and has proved costly—among other things, resulting in the Indians' first touch-down. It was very much in evidence against Pennsylvania, and kept the score lower by one or two touch-downs than it should have been.

Now the price of fumbling against a keen, fast-playing team at home in the open game ranges high. It has lost many a game to teams otherwise very strong, and is likely to give such unexpected and such unearned turns to a match as to upset careful calculations.

Whatever weaknesses Yale may display at Cambridge, I doubt if slow play will be among them. Judging by her work against West Point, whom she beat 24–0, the defeat of Pennsylvania State (42–0) last Saturday, and the array of coaching talent assembled at New Haven, we are very apt to see a Yale team which will reveal a hard, wide-awake game from start to finish—one capable of taking instant advantage of any weakness in the opponent, and of pressing any superiority of its own to the uttermost advantageous limit.

But Yale also has shown a decided tendency to fumble, and it may come to pass that the mistakes in this direction of one team will counterbalance those of the other. With two fumbling teams almost anything may happen.

YALE apparently has sustained some severe shocks on the football-field this season, but they have not been altogether unexpected, nor so disturbing as popularly supposed. The team has been trained solely with its two great games of this month in view; all else has been purely incidental. Some surprising exhibitions have been made, it is true, but it must not be forgotten that they came early enough in the season to be rather beneficial than otherwise. Yale began the season with a considerable amount of excellent material—not so much as Harvard started with, nor of such experience and individual brilliancy, yet it was abundant and of thoroughly good quality.

If Yale does not give Harvard, and the public generally, a surprise next Saturday, I shall have greatly overdrawn the qualities I have noted in the team's work, and will have placed too much confidence in the coachers' abilities to develop them. The odds are, and fairly so, for a Harvard victory, and in this I concur. Furthermore, it is my belief that, should Harvard fully realize in her final development the full promise of her exhibition against Pennsylvania, we will be treated on the 18th to the finest all-round football any of us has seen. I believe I have already said as much, and I wish to emphasize now when I add that, unless she does reach that degree of perfection, Yale will have a fighting chance for startling the football world. Not by any means that Harvard is weak—of course the thought is absurd, and I only fortify myself against misinterpretation—but the character of game Yale is likely to play will test severely the mettle of the individuals and bear heavily on the formations exhibited in Philadelphia, and Harvard must be absolutely self-reliant and resourceful and invulnerable to endure the test successfully. If Yale by persistent hammering disturbs the form of Harvard's interference, there is no knowing what may happen.

YET even if Harvard does not attain that highly perfected play of which there have been so many suggestions in her match games, there is no doubt that the chances of winning still remain in her favor.

Line for line, Harvard is the stronger—quite a bit so on the ends, which are so important in these days of the kicking game, and in the centre position. Brown will make an even thing of it with Burden; but elsewhere, unless Stillman and Donald are *vis-à-vis*, Harvard will have the advantage. Harvard's forwards too are playing lower than Yale's, and the latter must improve materially, else the crimson will get the "jump" on them, as they did last year.

Back of the line the advantage is also a little in Harvard's favor, not so much in quality of individuals as in the character of play which makes the most of their capability.

At quarter there is trifling difference between Fincke (Yale) and Daly, who is not quite so sure of the ball as last year, though still a deadly tackle and a cool-headed general. Fincke is equally strong in his position and on the defensive. Each team is well supplied with half-backs—Dupee, Chadwick, Richards, Sharpe, Keane, Adams, for Yale—who collectively have not shown the consistent ground-gaining of Gierasch, Parker, Kendall, Warren, Sawin, though accredited with some equally brilliant individual efforts.

IT is a question which of the two teams will prove stronger at full-back. Perhaps Ellis is a more certain ground-gainer through the line than McBride (although I confess to no decided opinion on that subject until I have seen the game of Saturday), but McBride's kicking and defensive work should make Yale a little stronger in that position than Harvard, whether Ellis or Reid is used. It is true McBride seems never to have regained his kicking form of two years ago, but his punts ought to out-travel Harvard's, and if the Yale ends get down the field it will be a great help to the blue game, which, for a certainty, will very largely consist of kicking until within striking-distance of Harvard's goal.

If that opportunity offers, McBride's resolute line-bucking should be dependable, and yet the defensive strength of the Harvard line withstood the desperate plunges of Hare and McCracken—though, to be sure, the Pennsylvania men had no support of practical value.

Nor is Yale without swift and clever end-skirting half-backs, as both Dupee and Richards have demonstrated on more than one occasion.

On the end plays Yale has given no indication of reaching Harvard's skill, but she has some formations on centre and on tackle which are very strong. In fact, Harvard has shown marked superiority in the open game, and is likely to hold it, Yale apparently depending more on close play for gains when they are most needed.

But it looks as though Yale would in any event be stronger than Harvard in the kicking which is sure to prove an important factor in the game on the 18th, for she has two men in her back field for this work, McBride and Dupee (who is not much his inferior in punting,) while Harvard will rely on an end, Hallowell, for her chief efforts in this direction, and his best will not equal that of either of the Yale men.

THIS may prove to be the decisive feature of the game, for there is no doubt Yale's chief hope of scoring lies in her expectation that gains on the exchange of punts will finally give her possession of the ball close to Harvard's goal-line. The Indians drove through Harvard's line, and it is not impossible that Yale, with five points in such immediate prospective, might not be stirred to effort so mighty as to prove irresistible. Yet, unless Harvard should fumble, the chances of her successfully defending her goal, even against such attack, must be regarded favorably; for the Harvard eleven is one of tremendous strength, and really ought to rise to almost any emergency. But it is a peculiarly constituted team too, for with all its strength, individually and collectively, I have noted occasions when, on the unexpected happening, it seemed strangely lacking in expediency.

On that account, and because of some superiority in kicking, hang all Yale's chances—slender ones, it must be acknowledged—of a tie game on Saturday. If it were not for this, I should regard Harvard a winner by 12–0, because her potential form and initial material suggest superiority equal to that difference in ultimate playing skill.

I certainly expect a Harvard victory; but I also believe Yale will furnish a surprise to Harvard and to the public by the strength and character of her game.

Yale will no doubt set out at once to smash Harvard's form, kicking, meanwhile, to save her men, and to keep Harvard on the defensive if possible.

Harvard will most likely start off immediately to batter Yale's line to pieces, and, it must be added, she has the more reason to expect success.

MICHIGAN'S team ought to develop by Thanksgiving into a stronger one than that of last year, which, by defeating Chicago, became the leading college eleven of the Middle West. The play against Pennsylvania at Philadelphia on Saturday last was very strong, and though somewhat unfinished, gave promise of form beyond anything the work of either Chicago or Wisconsin has suggested. The line especially is abler than Chicago's, though not more so, perhaps not as much so, as Wisconsin's. And this seems to be due more to lack of team-work than to individual weakness, for except on the left of the centre, there appeared no especially vulnerable spots at Philadelphia, and Cunningham, France, Steckle, and Snow were particularly strong. Back of the line Michigan has fast hard-running men—one of whom, McLean, must be classed among the best in the country.

In the first half Michigan completely outplayed Pennsylvania, tearing through her line, skirting her left end, and in turn presenting an unbroken front to Pennsylvania's most desperate attack; but in the second half Pennsylvania acquired added aggression, while Michigan appeared to tire, and honors were about even.

The features of the game were Hare's all-round play, McLean's (Michigan) brilliant running, and the frequent fumbling by both sides. Michigan handicapped herself, too, by much off-side play, for which she suffered repeated penalty. It is due this Western team to say that it took its medicine without a whimper, and from first to last played a clean game. It is, in fact, very pleasing to record that both Western teams which have played in the East this year—Wisconsin and Michigan—have conducted themselves like sportsmen on and off the field.

McLean made three runs in the first half around Pennsylvania's left end, of 20, 40, and 45 yards respectively, the second for a touch-down from which no goal resulted, and all with excellent interference, Michigan showing surprisingly well in this direction.

Pennsylvania opened the second half with a great spurt, Coombs making a 30-yard end run, followed by line-plunging of Hare, McCracken, and Outland, which carried the ball from centre field to a touch-down, though no goal resulted.

Pennsylvania did not use the guards back very much, but relied on straight football and delayed passes.

After this effort by Pennsylvania, Michigan began a series of gains, McLean going 25 yards around end, and, together with McDonald and Hernstein, carrying the ball over for their second touch-down, which again yielded no goal.

Thereafter the ball moved up and down the field, changing hands frequently, until Pennsylvania secured it on about the 45-yard line, and Hare and McCracken once again, by terrific plunging, carried it across Michigan's line, and Overfield kicked the goal that gave Pennsylvania the winning score of 11–10.

Pennsylvania showed periods of great football, but for the most part the work was, as it has been all season, individual, by men in poor condition.

SECTIONAL matches are plentiful this season. Wisconsin has lost to Yale (0–6); Chicago defeated Cornell (17–6), tied Pennsylvania (5–5), and plays Brown Thanksgiving day; Michigan has defeated Virginia and lost to Pennsylvania (10–11)—the former game at Detroit and the latter at Philadelphia. These, with Oberlin's games with Cornell and the Carlisle Indians, make an unprecedented list of matches between widely separated colleges, yet such meetings are by no means the football novelty of the current season that I note some seem to regard them. So far back as '81 and '83, Michigan sent East the first university team that had come out of the West. On the first venture it tied Harvard and defeated several minor college teams; and on the second it came very near to scoring on Yale.

Five years ago, I think it was, Michigan made her third trip East, decisively beating Cornell, and holding Harvard to a single touch-down, which resulted in no goal.

But I declare I cannot see how football or sport generally at Wisconsin or other Western colleges is benefited by these long and expensive trips East. Nothing conclusive is accomplished, from a comparative point of view, because the Eastern team is seldom near its ultimate form, while the Western eleven, which prepares particularly for the Eastern encounter by a preliminary practice season, thereby lessens its chances of success subsequently with its legitimate rivals.

Chicago's zeal for Eastern games was made manifest after the break between her and Michigan and Wisconsin. That break is responsible for Michigan and Wisconsin running rivalry with Chicago and Brown at Chicago on Thanksgiving day in the first football game Michigan and Wisconsin have played together since 1893.

Occasionally, perhaps, meetings between widely separated institutions are desirable, but as a rule they are to be condemned as emphasizing the ruling spirit of victory as the end chiefly sought. Besides, too much time from class-room is taken, and I cannot understand how faculties permit of it. For example, Wisconsin's team was away from Madison a full week, Pennsylvania's trip to Chicago occupied four days, and Michigan's to Philadelphia as many.

Discussion of Army and Navy, Princeton and Indian, Brown and Cornell football next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS

A Bookman's Notes

It is diverting to observe the announcement that *Janice Meredith* is in its eighty-third thousand, and then step back to the modest hopes of the publishers, as quoted in the literary letter of an English contemporary just to hand, that they "already see their way to a circulation of 50,000 copies." The present writer was nearer the mark when he predicted, some months ago, that *Janice Meredith* would easily reach a sale of 100,000 copies before Christmas; but even that estimate is likely to be proved a modest one. *Janice Meredith* is good for at least 200,000 copies before the sales begin to slacken.

When the manuscript of *Janice Meredith* left Mr. Ford's hands it was still without a title, although one reader, for the sake of naming it in his report, gave it the title which the novel now bears. More than a dozen other titles were suggested and voted on. Mr. Ford's own favorite was *Battledore and Shuttlecock*, and he still clings to his fancy. Why he should do this, when Janice is not only the heroine but the central figure in the book, and so lends the strong attraction of her name to the title, is one of the strange whims that often set an author and his publishers at loggerheads.

The choice of the present title justifies itself still further from Mr. Ford's novel point of view in electing a woman to be the centre of gravitation in his story, and not a man. With a hero in a historical romance the writer is more hampered in action, for he cannot leave him out of the fight, and he must never be lost sight of for a moment. With a heroine, however, it is far otherwise, contends Mr. Ford. While leaving her behind for a time to follow the campaign of Washington, he found that he could still hold her in the reader's mind and suffer no loss of interest by moving freely over the field of battle without her. It is interesting to know that the author of *Janice Meredith* had debated this question and settled it in his mind before writing his story. A happy phrase, by-the-way, has been struck off by one reviewer in describing the chemical union of history and romance in *Janice Meredith*. "It is," he says, "a book that will make a historian of the novel-reader, and a novel-reader of the historian."

The Haworth Brontë, the first volume of which has been recently published, certainly fills a "long-felt want." For a long time the need of a good library edition of the Brontë novels has been a serious desideratum, and I know of more than one book-lover who has waited until such an edition should be issued before placing the works of the Brontës on his bookshelves. From a technical stand-point the new edition is a marvel of book-making, and makes one wonder whether perfection has now been reached in this craft. Considered as literature, Mrs. Humphry Ward's Introductions, judged by that to *Jane Eyre*, promise to fit the subject as sympathetically and adequately as Mrs. Ritchie's delightful Introductions to the Biographical Edition of her father's works. Indeed, no writer more highly qualified could have been selected for the task. It is regrettable that Mrs. Ward does not attempt more work in this field, in which she first distinguished herself as a critic of keen acumen, of rare judgment, and illuminating force. What she has written of *Jane Eyre* whets the appetite for the critical appreciations which are to follow from her pen.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, who, with Mr. Clement K. Shorter, shares the honor of being the best equipped Brontë student in England, has made an important discovery in connection with the Brontës. He promises to disclose the facts in the December *Bookman*, under the title "Charlotte Brontë and One of her Critics." We shall await with eagerness Dr. Nicoll's find, which will no doubt be of interest, whatever its value.

J. M.

Siege of Ladysmith

Our account of the battle in the last number of the Weekly carried the story forward to the point where two facts stood out sharply: 1. In a test of strength and strategy it was found that the antagonists were evenly matched. 2. The initial successes of the Boers were due to numerical superiority, and the impetus helping on an aggressive campaign.

Nothing could have been better calculated to discourage readers who were anxious to trace the course of the struggle than the confused and contradictory despatches purporting to narrate the events which followed. Let us now consider only authentic reports in the light of a third fact, not less important than 1 and 2. Fact number 3 is that every move of the keen fighters, since the capture of Carlton's column, was made with a distinct reference to the expected arrival of British re-enforcements.

On Tuesday and Wednesday long-range guns in the town were pitted against those mounted on the hills, but the last three days of the week found detachments of the British taking the field. Women and children were sent south on Wednesday evening, November 1. Early the next morning, while an artillery duel was occupying the attention of the Boers, a force composed of cavalry and infantry got within striking-distance of a camp behind Bester's Hill before its approach was perceived, and then struck quickly and very hard, taking the camp with its equipment, and driving out the surprised burghers with great loss of life. On November 2 cavalry and field artillery went out and shelled the Boer laager, without loss on the British side. Again, on November 3, Colonel Brocklehurst, with cavalry, field artillery, the Imperial Light Horse, and the Natal Mounted Volunteers, engaged a force that had appeared below Ladysmith, in the neighborhood of Colenso—a point of great strategic importance. And now a curious state of things was seen. General White could not spare from his garrison men enough to hold the Tugela bridge at Colenso, while, on the other hand, General Joubert could as ill afford to detach from the investing army a force capable of making a stand at that point against the fresh British troops, in fear of whose early arrival he was scanning the horizon in the direction of Estcourt. Colenso was shelled; yielded by the British; yielded in turn by the Boers.

And the same uncertainty as to the movement of troops, from Durban in the immediate future, and afterwards of Buller's army corps, made a certain swarming over the southern boundary of the Free State by Boer forces (the so-called "invasion of Cape Colony") seem at first disquieting and then unimportant. The bombardment of Ladysmith was discontinued on November 4, and not resumed until November 7. Meantime the garrison at Estcourt, below Colenso on the line of the railway, was strengthened, and preparations were made at Pietermaritzburg to repel an attack. The best defence of southern Natal, however, was just the dogged stand that the little British army was making at Ladysmith. Of course it was impossible for the Boers to pass on, leaving in their rear a force which had proved itself able not merely to hold its own, but, whenever a vulnerable spot was uncovered, to inflict terrible punishment. When this page went to press the tide had begun to turn in favor of the British.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR BABIES

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The value of telephone service does not consist only in the sending of messages. The reception of messages is a very important item to most users of the telephone service—to many it is the most important. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey Street, 952 B'way, 115 W. 38th St.—[*Adv.*]

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Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, made from the aromatic bark containing the bitter tonic principle so effective as a health producer. Grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

Speaking of a good Champagne brings in mind Cook's Imperial Champagne, Extra Dry. The wine that sparkles.—[*Adv.*]

If you lack appetite try wine glass of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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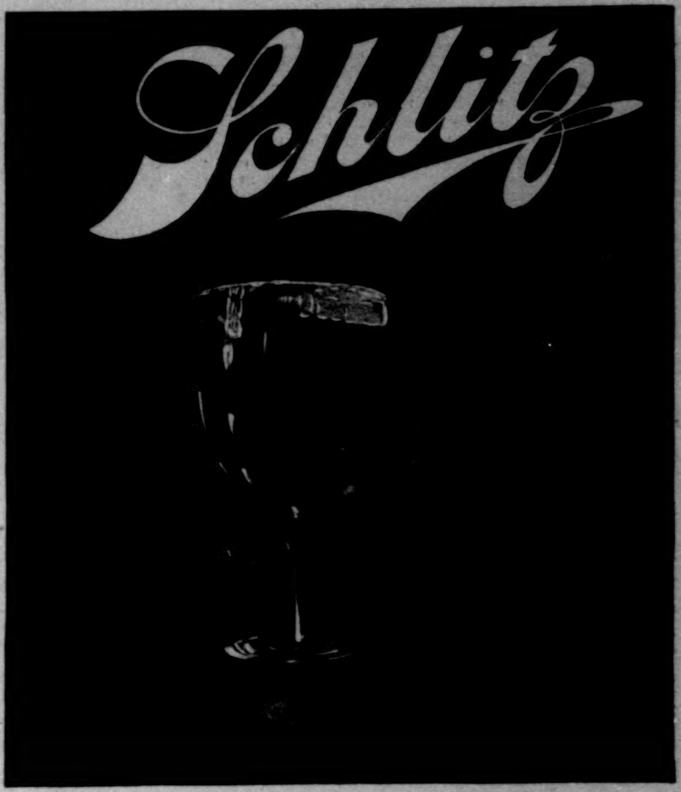

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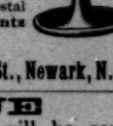

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Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent free to any address on receipt of (postage) ten cents.

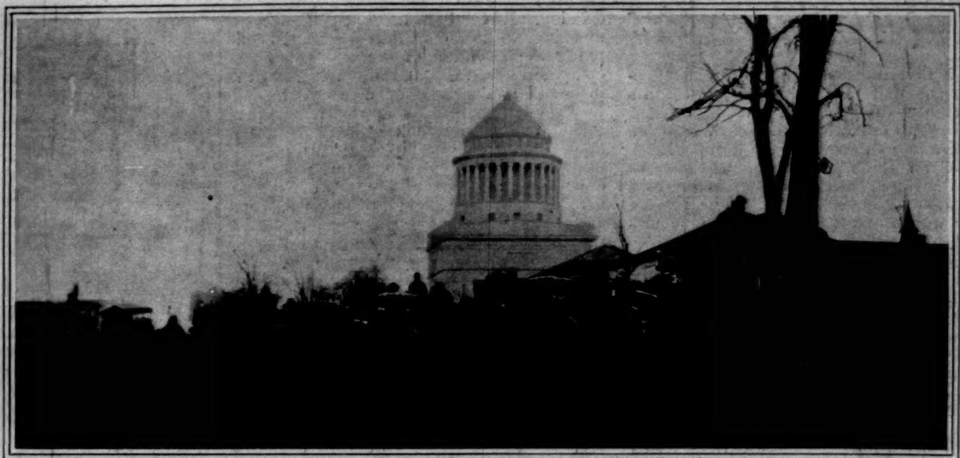
The Automobile Parade

THERE were over thirty vehicles in the line-up of the first parade of the newly organized Automobile Club last week, and the electrically propelled carriages outnumbered all the other types in the proportion of two to one. There were but seven gasoline-motor vehicles in the procession, and of these the two French models attracted the particular attention of the spectators from the showy nature of their construction. The French *chauffeur* loves to see the wheels go round, and he insists upon having as much of the machinery exposed as possible. He likes to pose as a *deus ex machinâ*, surrounded by a multiplicity of wheels and levers—in a word, the driving of an automobile is sport to the Gallic mind, and its utilitarian possibilities rank as a secondary consideration.

The *chauffeur* costume, with its "slicker" coat, its glazed-visor cap, and its wire-screened goggles, was not in evidence—a loss from the pictorial point of view, perhaps, but a sensible decision on the part of the participants in the parade. It takes time to educate the public, and, after all, it is hardly necessary to don a stoker's outfit in order to make a twenty-mile run over smooth asphalt. When it comes to real work along country roads, we may then be prepared to see some startling departures from the conventional in dress. The "automobile red" is already an accepted shade.

That the public mind is deeply interested in the problem of the horseless carriage was evident from the crowds that witnessed the start and that stood along the line of the parade. As noted above, the petroleum-driven vehicles attracted the most attention, and the steam-wagons took second honors. The ease and smoothness with which the latter moved along were the subject of ever-favorable comment. A jet of steam was now and then visible (hardly more than a puff of dust), but there was never any perceptible odor from the gasoline burners, and a minimum of noise. The electric carriages were admired for their uniformly handsome appearance, but they were not regarded as particular novelties, in view of the vogue of the familiar electric cab.

There were but three break-downs during the day, and of these one took place before the start. It is gratifying to note that there were no reports of accidents from frightened horses. It is possible that the intelligent equines have recognized the labor-saving qualities of the new departure, and are only too glad to see it in process of exploitation.
VAN T. S.



THE AUTOMOBILE PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY—ASSEMBLING AT GRANT'S TOMB.

THE PARADE COMING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE.

The Status of the Horse at the End of the Century

THIS year's Horse Show in New York is, officially, the Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the National Horse Show Association. If the forebodings of some of the prophets who have lately forecast the future of the horse are well founded, the Horse Show must be a decaying institution, and the most fragile of us may expect to see the last of it. Meanwhile it gives no convincing evidences of decrepitude. No doubt, as a social appliance for the exhibition of persons of high fashion to one another and the general public it culminated some years ago, but as a show of horses it continues to do well. At the auction sale of boxes for the present show, the other day, $17,100 was realized, which is better by more than $1000 than last year's showing. Probably the total receipts of this year's show will reflect in due measure the boisterous prosperity of the country.

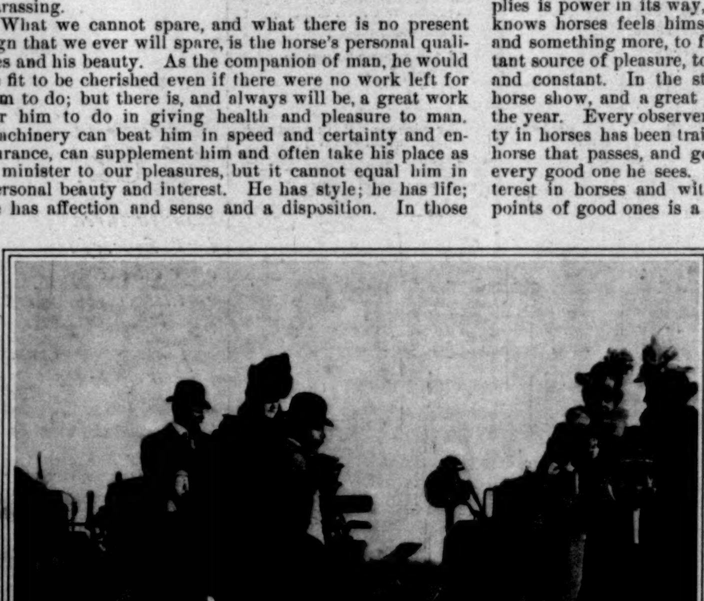
Every year more and more of the world's heavy drudgery is done by machinery. In innumerable things machinery does the work that used to fall to human muscles. The hod-carrier is growing obsolete; the donkey-engine now carries up the bricks, and the steam-drill pounds holes in the rocks; but there are more men than ever, and apparently more work for them to do. What machinery does in the end is not to crowd men out of employment, but to lighten the work of their hands and muscles and call for increased activity in their minds. Machinery, we hope, is helping to lift up the great mass of humanity by making life easier for it and making possible a fuller reward for its labors. It is doing an analogous work for the horse, in that it encourages processes of selection which are raising the general average of horse intelligence and ability. We must expect, as electricity and steam and gasoline and compressed air are more and more used to propel all sorts of vehicles, that the number of horses in the world will diminish. That is where the case of man and that of the horse may differ, for we do not look to see fewer men on the earth, however much work may be done by coal. But the number of horses is directly determined by the demand for them, and it cannot be doubted that the demand for horses of inferior quality has already decreased.

For purposes of carriage and transportation, coal and its extracts are a prodigious success. In so far as they release the horse from the work of hauling public vehicles of every sort, they do him a good turn and benefit creation. If our children never see a horse strain at the tugs to start a loaded street car, so much the better, both for humanity and equinity. Whenever the mouth of the horse ceases to be sawed by the reins that descend from the roof of the hansom-cab, so much the better. We need not even mourn the disappearance of the truck-horse, though at his best he is a fine, intelligent creature, and, in good hands, must lead a happy life. All the horses that are driven by butcher-boys and grocers' boys and that haul express-wagons and delivery-wagons we can part with without a sigh, unless it is a sigh of relief at their release from labor that is apt to be ignominious and harassing.

What we cannot spare, and what there is no present sign that we ever will spare, is the horse's personal qualities and his beauty. As the companion of man, he would be fit to be cherished even if there were no work left for him to do; but there is, and always will be, a great work for him to do in giving health and pleasure to man. Machinery can beat him in speed and certainty and endurance, can supplement him and often take his place as a minister to our pleasures, but it cannot equal him in personal beauty and interest. He has style; he has life; he has affection and sense and a disposition. In those characteristics the creature that God made will always be unrivalled by any device of man.

On this page are pictures of a parade of automobiles. These machines will supersede the horse with many persons even for purposes of display and pleasure. They are full of the promise of usefulness to humanity. A good many folks to whom every horse is a wild beast feel much safer on a machine than behind a quadruped, who has a mind of his own, and emotions which may not always be forestalled or controlled. Certainly there is a great future for these machines, but they will not altogether take the place of the horse. Horse-lovers may claim that they are imperfectly educational, since swapping them or selling them can hardly develop such mental acuteness as does dealing in horses. Perhaps they are moral, and make up in that direction a part of what they lack as engines of sport. That the horse is of good repute as a promoter of morality can hardly be claimed even by his best friend. The aleatory quality in him which delights the sportsman will perhaps always be the moralist's despair. Even in the country, where he is the indispensable adjunct of agriculture and hauls the parson's buggy, he does not cease to be a gamble; and his speed, his obvious merits, his recondite defects and inseparable uncertainties, are as liable to strain the rural conscience as they are to sharpen the rural wits. It is not the horse's fault, and we should not shun him for it. Horse nature is good enough, and if it brings out some weak points in human nature, it is human nature that needs looking after. And, after all, it is as well for our consciences to have their proper exercise and be kept in training. We pray not to be led into temptation, but we may well mean such temptation as is beyond our strength. We should not be content with a rectitude so collapsible that we dare not own a horse that can go a mile in less than three minutes or jump a fence more than forty inches high. If we really mistrusted the moral influence of the horse as much as we sometimes think we do, we should not want our children to have equine companionship in their childhood. Yet that is something that most parents covet for their children, and it is a great vindication of horse nature, and a great compliment to horses that it should be so.

It was in the newspapers the other day that it was proposed to give instruction about the horse to the children in the public schools of New York. What the ultimate aim of it was is not here recalled—to teach them to be kind to animals perhaps—but, at any rate, it recognized that it is good for children to know horses, and it was on many accounts a good suggestion. To be a fair judge of a horse is very well worth while. The knowledge it implies is power in its way, for certainly every person who knows horses feels himself superior in that particular, and something more, to folks who don't. It is an important source of pleasure, too, and of pleasure that is cheap and constant. In the streets of New York there is a horse show, and a great one, in process eight months in the year. Every observer whose sense of merit and beauty in horses has been trained observes instinctively every horse that passes, and gets a momentary pleasure from every good one he sees. To go through life without interest in horses and without appreciation of the good points of good ones is a waste of bountiful opportunity which no thrifty person should endure. The most useful office of horse shows is to teach people to understand about horses, and know good horses when they see them. The comparisons and competitions of the shows result in improving the breeds of all sorts of horses, and that is important too. But if we are right in our self-conceited opinion that the promotion of human happiness is the end of all the brute creation, it is even more important that the capacity of men to appreciate and delight in horses should be enlarged than it is that the standard of equine beauty and efficiency should be raised. But the promoters of horse shows need not consider overmuch whether it is more in the interest of men or of horses that they work, so long as their labors promote both.
E. S. M.



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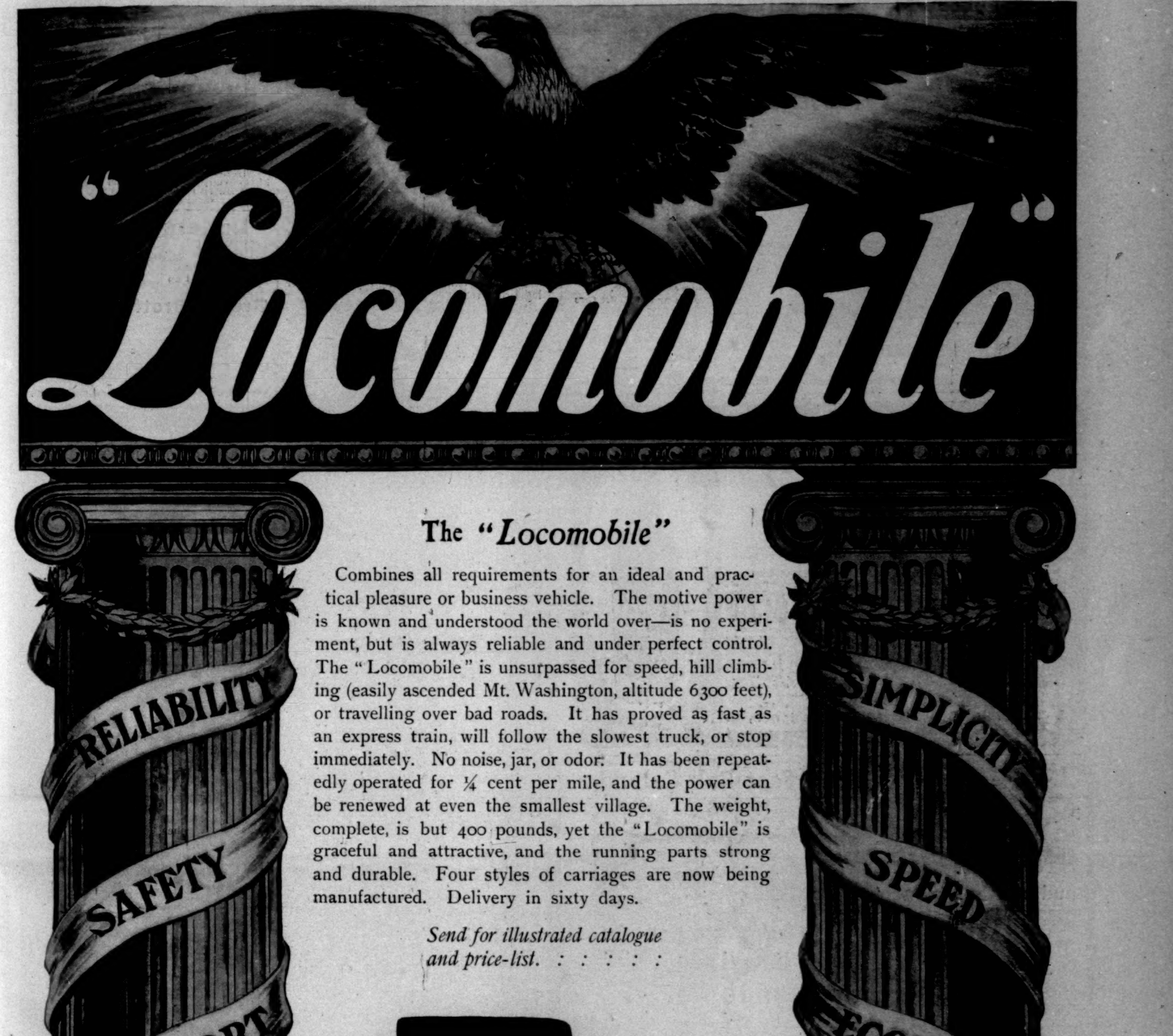

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The World of Finance

THE course of the stock-market after the election was a surprise to most people, but it was explainable on logical grounds. Republican victories were foreshadowed with distinctness, and professional operators bought stocks, expecting to find a good market on which to unload again after the result was known, and their action was followed to an extent by the general public. The liquidation, however, was done under unfortuitous conditions, for it came after the bank statement of the previous Saturday had shown that the surplus reserves of the New York city banks had been wiped out, and that the banks were slightly below their legal reserves.

Returns of money from the interior have been smaller than usual at this season of the year, and the loss of cash put the rates for call loans to higher figures than are often seen at this season of the year. Commission-houses generally advised their customers to sell rather than pay the high interest rates, many of them objecting strenuously to executing any more buying orders. Unless the government can afford material relief, it is not easy to see how the situation can be much changed in the near future. Since, however, the stringency is due in a measure to the revenue payments to the government, such assistance as the Treasury Department can give should be rendered. It is not good policy for the government to take from general circulation more money than its needs require, and experience has shown that the mere offer to prepay interest does not meet the requirements of the case. On the other hand, one of the methods suggested, that of allowing banks to increase their circulation by issues of notes without the security of government bonds, cannot be regarded as sound finance. It would be most unfortunate if anything should be done in the coming Congress that would tend to permit a return to the system under which the country was flooded with "wild-cat" currency.

October's Clearing House returns show plainly enough why the money rate has risen, for the clearings of the whole country in that month, as compiled by the *Financial Chronicle*, were 40.2 per cent. in excess of those of the same month a year ago, and for ten months the increase was 41.1 per cent., the largest increases in what it calls the middle section, which includes the cities of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Buffalo.

One of the most interesting movements that have occurred this year was the advance of the common stock of the United States Leather Company, from 5¾ in June to almost 40 last week, the transactions from 15 up being on a tremendous scale, and the breaks in price that followed sensational in character. The cause for the movement puzzled the street even more than the more important speculation last spring in Brooklyn Rapid Transit, for in that case the intentions of the pool were announced with the utmost frankness.

A story that found many believers was that some of the holders of the preferred stock, who believed the plan for giving half of the common stock to the preferred stockholders would go through, sold in advance the common stock that they expected to receive. In the mean time, however, it was said that a large block of the stock had been purchased and taken out of the market by a young capitalist. The supply of floating stock having thus been diminished, it was said that those who had sold in advance began to fear that the plan would fail, and attempted to cover, with the result that a "squeeze" of the shorts followed, and some private settlements were reported to have been made. In any event, it is clear that there was a contest between large interests, and only the boldest of the speculative public had any part in the venture. It is not the first time that there has been manipulation of the leather stocks that did not reflect credit on the New York Stock Exchange. In fact, there are few of the Industrials that have not been the subject of bold manipulation, that has enabled their promoters to unload at top figures.

The outcome of what seems to be an attempt by the banks to check the inroads upon their business threatened by the trust companies will be watched with interest. The banks in the Clearing House Association have decided that they will not hereafter clear for any trust company that has not been in business a year, and that all trust companies for which they do clear must send in a statement every week to the Clearing House similar to that required from members of the association. The ruling is not objected to by the old trust companies, and the officers of some of the new ones express themselves as satisfied with it. Its workings should give a clearer insight to the actual money situation if the statements are published as those of the banks are, even though made up on averages.

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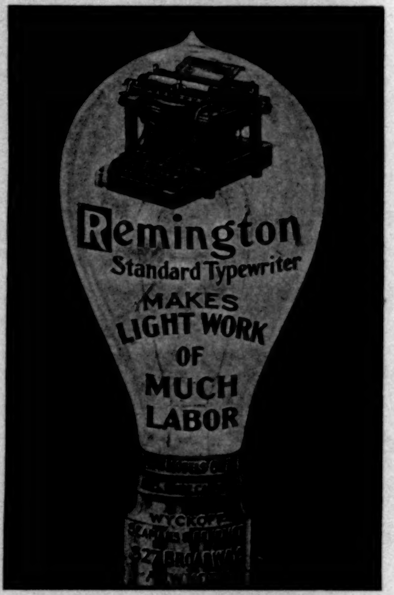

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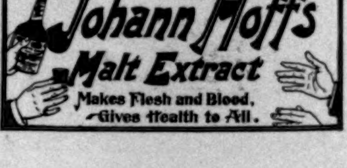

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Plan to Capture Aguinaldo

THE autumn campaign in the Philippines opens with a brilliant movement which shows at once the good effect of the President's new policy in placing a sufficient force at General Otis's disposal. When General Wheaton's expedition sailed from Manila at the beginning of the present month, having a point on the Gulf of Lingayen as its destination, the main features of a very promising plan were disclosed, and in order to understand the developments which may be expected to follow, we must take note of the situation of the enemy, and of certain advantages hitherto enjoyed by him.

Throughout the campaign, which continued well into the rainy season, Otis's appeal to the home government was for an effective force of 30,000. As a matter of fact, he never had nearly so many. Hampered by the inadequacy of his army, he could only succeed in pushing back the hostile Filipinos for gradual gains on three sides of Manila, until our outposts were at Angeles on the north, the farther shores of Laguna de Bay on the east, and the towns of Cavité Province on the south. Aguinaldo, meanwhile, in command of the main Filipino army, with headquarters at Tarlac, had behind him all of the rich central district of Luzon from which to draw supplies and men, and controlled the railway between Angeles and Dagúpan, being thus in a position to foment rebellion in the northern districts of the island, and to receive by rail arms and ammunition from the filibustering parties which landed on the coasts of the Gulf of Lingayen. Evidently such a situation threatened an indefinite continuation of hostilities, and it was in view of this that the WEEKLY so often referred to the need of a larger force to insure the successful termination of our military operations.

General Otis recently cabled to the War Department that by November 5 he would have about 45,000 officers and men, or nearly twice the number available for service last spring; and now it has become possible not only to strengthen our lines on the south and east, but to advance decisively on the north. Accordingly, General MacArthur's division took up the march from Angeles along the line of the Manila-Dagúpan railway, turning a little eastward to capture the town of Magalang on November 5, after an engagement which cost the enemy several hundred men, in killed and wounded, the American loss being eleven wounded. Two days later, Mabalacat, a town on the railway five miles nearer to Tarlac, was occupied after slight resistance. Far in advance of MacArthur, and moving northward along a course which lay about twenty miles east of the railroad, General Lawton's column at the same time was making its way towards the Agno River, detaching cavalry to take Bongabong on the right and Aliaga on the left as it proceeded. These combined movements were well designed to cut off the retreat of Aguinaldo's army on the east, but it will be remembered that a similar combination resulted in failure last spring when our troops were marching on Malolos and San Fernando, the Filipino leader simply removing his capital to a convenient point a little further north. Precisely with a view to preventing a repetition of this discouraging experience, General Wheaton's command was sent by water to make a landing near the northern terminus of the railway.

A despatch from Manila, November 6, stated that General Wheaton, with the Thirteenth Regiment on the transport *Sheridan*, and the Thirty-third Regiment on the transport *Aztec*, accompanied by an ammunition-steamer, tugs, *cascos*, and scows, and convoyed by the light-draught gunboat *Helena*, had sailed for the Gulf of Lingayen, where the expedition would meet three vessels of our navy with armed launches. It was assumed that the war-ships would protect the disembarkation of the troops, and that General Wheaton would move to a position commanding the avenues of retreat between the gulf and Rio Agno. West of the Filipino position are the mountains of the Zambales district and the China Sea; supposing, therefore, complete success on the part of Lawton and MacArthur in spreading their toils, the task assigned to Wheaton would be the comparatively easy one of holding the routes leading from the railway in a northeasterly direction. The game was certainly worth playing, for beyond all question it would give us control of all central Luzon, and confine the revolt to the extreme northern and southern provinces; but while the play was going on there was good reason to doubt that it would result in the capture of Aguinaldo. Only a few weeks earlier the Filipino army of the north was reported as being very strong numerically, and fairly well provisioned and armed—thanks to the filibustering expeditions just referred to; then suddenly this hostile force had dwindled away until only a few hundred men remained with their chief. It seemed at least possible that the astute Tagálog had foreseen that his position would soon become untenable, and had dismissed his followers, little by little, appointing another place of assembly, and providing for his own evasion in some secret way at the last. Certainly the most interesting moment in all our outlandish warfare was approaching.

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